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*Mostly about People*

MARCH, 1924



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A BUSY SCENE ON NEW YORK'S WATER FRONT



# Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



IN the gay month of March the dome of the Capitol at Washington will continue over-shadowed by the "tea pot dome" and the tempest thereof. Everybody has been talking about it and at times it seemed as if there were many in it. The center of interest has been the big room in the S. O. B. (Senate Office Building) where the hearings of the Public Lands Committee have been held. A uniformed man stands at the door and admits the visitors with all the pomp of a high-class picture theatre. He keeps the crowd back and ushers them "in and out." It is altogether spectacular, and whispering suspicions are in the air. When you trace them down to real facts, about fifty per cent are found to be right and the rest wrong, for scorching rumors has been a new pastime.

At the flat-topped table, in dignified row, sit the seven members of the committee on either side of Senator Lenroot, the chairman. Senator Walsh is taking notes with his lead pencil; Senator Smoot sits staid and dignified, listening intently; Senator Cameron at one end is watching the witnesses; Senator Ladd is quietly making an analysis. Overhead the prisms of the chandeliers, characteristic of Washington, are sparkling in the sunlight. Two rough tables are put in screw-edge for the reporters and the pencils are busy scribbling notes as the testimony proceeds.



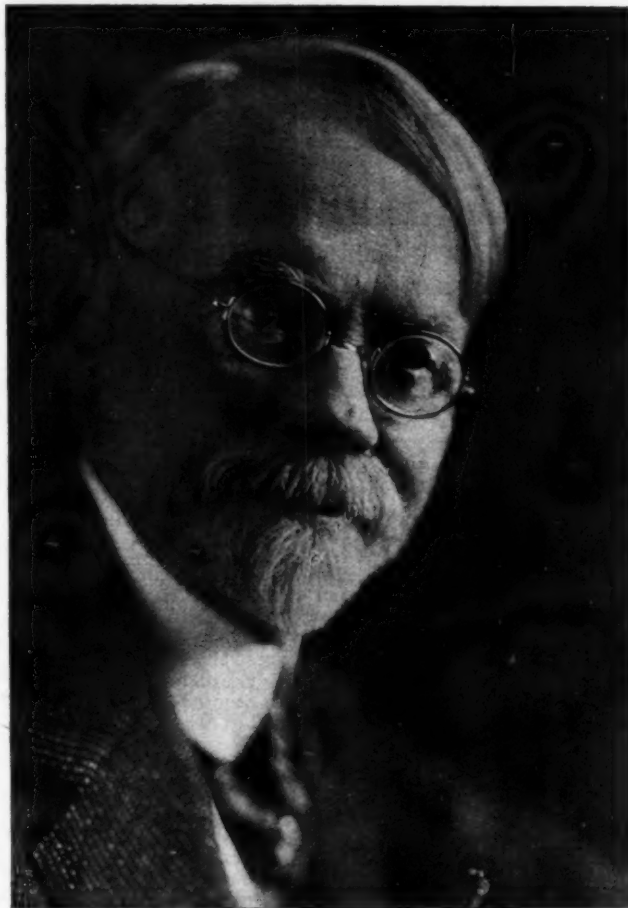
THE tea pot dome shadow has rather eclipsed the interest in the Bok Peace Plan, where there were less than a million votes cast. It has brought home the fact that we had better clean our own house before we attempt to regulate outside. Europe looks on in amazement, but the American people are ever equal to the emergency and will adapt themselves to master any situation that may arise, for at heart they are altruistic and have met the emergencies.



THE commemoration of Washington's birthday every year brings back the one great ideal of honor and honesty. On the floor of the Senate the oratorical fireworks were started. It means crowded galleries, which are crowded hours before the gavel falls. The desks below, all gayly arrayed with papers, seem like waiting for the Senators to enter, or, to change the simile, the bower of the bride and groom when the wedding march is played. Senators wander idly in, making their entrance like characters on the stage. Senator Hefflin marches bravely across the chamber and the galleries see him. Senator Lodge stands out in front; Senator La Follette takes long strides to his front seat; Senator Shortridge slips in modestly;

Senator Hiram Johnson sails down from the right-hand side. Each Senator has a peculiarity of entrance, while the eyes in the galleries look at the diagram sheets to identify them.

Senator Spencer makes his plea for Denby; Senator Cousins presents a most overwhelming endorsement and telegrams from Wisconsin on the Denby matter; Senator Cummings insists on dispatching business and warns those making speeches, if they yield the floor too much for interpolation, they will lose their rights, but relentless Senators Robinson and Reed are after the Denby scalp to push the President in a political hole.



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GENERAL CHARLES E. SAWYER

*Personal physician to the late President Harding, and the active nemesis on the trail of the individuals responsible for the outrageous graft and corruption in the administration of the Veteran's Bureau*





ALBERT B. FALL AND GRANDSON

*The former Secretary of the Interior about whose head has raged the storm of investigation of the Teapot Dome oil scandal*

**I**N the meantime, there is work going on in other committee rooms. There is more business transacted beside tea pot dome. Senator Sheppard has appealed for the potash development in Texas. The reports by Dr. Dabney, foremost chemist and geologist, are most gratifying, showing that the United States may be able to declare its independence of Germany for potash deposits, and the discoveries made will make Edward Atkinson's predictions of 1905 look like true prophecy:

The United States has enormous undeveloped sources of potash. The purpose of this paper is to call the attention of the chemists to deposits, which if developed will probably supply all our own demands and leave a great surplus for the rest of the world. Investigations made by the Bureau of Economic Geology of the University of Texas and by the United States Geological Survey, working in co-operation, indicate the existence of extensive potash deposits in Western Texas similar to those of Stassfurt, Germany, and of Alsace, France.

The matter has been called to the attention of Mr. Henry Ford, and as one writer has stated:

If Henry Ford really wants to help the farmers, here is a chance possibly of more value to them than Muscle Shoals could ever be under his control. Surely out of his almost boundless wealth and with his love of daring activities he could tackle this Texas potash possibility and render a great service to agriculture. If Ford fails to use the opportunity, however, are there not other capitalists who—for patriotism and for love of adventure in a great scheme which appeals to the imagination—will tackle this job?

Senator Sheppard has introduced a bill to have the government spend half a million a year for five years in a thorough

examination and exploration of all territory, particularly in Texas, giving evidence of potash. He feels that the undertaking, gigantic that it is, is worthy of wide expenditure by the government in the interests of the farmers, as well as the interests of peace, as a preparation against the threatenings of war which are based primarily upon the resources of the country.



**T**HE popular notion of Congress as an American institution is not improving these days. For many years it has been a byword, while bureaucratic Washington and parasitical clerical forces and details in government business is becoming intolerant. Civil service is proving a handicap to efficient government. With disloyal subordinates and clerks, the government can never hope to accomplish results in efficiency. Public officers are held responsible, without having responsible people under them—and so it goes serenely on.



**T**HE ides of March was a gloomy prophecy in the history of the republic. It looked as if the insidious corruption was reaching very close to the source of government. The prosecution of the oil cases is the order of the day. Silas Strawn was appointed and then he withdrew because he found he has been associated as counsel with a bank which was connected with a loan to an oil company. Senator Atlee Pomerene was confirmed and took hold of the work with vigor and determination. Attorney Roberts of Philadelphia was called as Associate Counsel and this now completes the cast for the prosecution of the Tea Pot Dome drama or tragedy, as it may be called, to take the place with the Star Route, Credit Mobiles and other blots in history. It will likely prove a veritable hurricane of the tea pot, but now is the time for cool heads and not to lose faith in the integrity of the public and the thousands and millions of public servants who have proved true to their trust. "One swallow doesn't make a summer," and one raven may cast the gloom of "never more," but the raven is in only one room of a single house and there are millions of homes and millions of offices in the government where the shadow of the raven does not appear—"evermore."



HON. FRANK L. GREENE

*The Vermont Senator who was seriously wounded by a stray bullet from a prohibition enforcement officer's revolver while walking on the public streets of the National Capital in company with his wife*



**P**RESIDENT COOLIDGE made his pilgrimage to New York and delivered an address at the Waldorf Astoria where four million people "listened in." His plea for the farmer and taxpayer fell on willing ears and indicated how close a President can come to the people.



DIOGENES might have had a hard time of it in Washington, but he lived several thousand years ago. The great majority of the people in the United States are honest and the great majority of public officers are honest, but the two great hydra-headed enemies of government, corruption and inefficiency, will ever appear, and the people will keep right on insisting that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty the same as in the days of George Washington, the indulgent parent of his country.



NOW that Senator Henry Cabot Lodge's bill providing for the purchase by the Federal Government of the Cape Cod Canal has been favorably reported in committee, the prospects for a transfer of this important inland waterway from private ownership to national ownership look very much brighter than ever before.

And, to quote a well-known advertising slogan: "Eventually—why not now?" Governmental ownership of the Canal is inevitable in time—and the sooner the government takes it over the sooner will all its potential possibilities begin to be developed.

That the necessity and feasibility of a waterway across Cape Cod has been apparent to any observing man since the American continent itself was wrested from the wilderness is proved by a glance at old Colonial records. Scarcely had the little handful of Pilgrims surviving that first terrible winter in the new and unknown land struggled back to a sense of safety in their contest with inhospitable conditions than they began an exploration of their new kingdom.

And one of the first conclusions that they came to was that Nature had been sadly remiss in not providing a waterway to connect the two seas between which they were enclosed. This was indeed a most natural thought, not only because of the conformation of the country itself, but because their eleven-year residence in the Netherlands had taught them to think of travel and transportation as a matter of boats upon canals. So it is not strange that we find among the very first attempts at public improvements on Cape Cod a series of tentative efforts at the digging of a canal.

Some time before de Lesseps involved the financial powers of France in his ill-fated attempt to construct a waterway across the Isthmus of Panama several serious undertakings for a Cape Cod Canal had come to an inglorious end.



ATLEE POMERENE

*The Democratic ex-Senator from Ohio who has been appointed by the President as one of the special counsel in the oil disclosures*

That private capital and private enterprise finally prevailed to provide a short cut by water across this inconvenient obstacle to coastal navigation demonstrates the strength of persistence of any essential idea in man's never-ending efforts to overcome natural obstacles to free communication.

Congress has never approved the War Department's agreement of 1921 to purchase the canal for \$11,500,000



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HARRY M. DAUGHERTY

*The Attorney-General is presenting a bold front to the interests that would force his resignation from the Cabinet, as a part of the agitation set on foot by the oil investigation*

and assume the \$6,000,000 worth of outstanding bonds—but recent developments in the situation indicate a recognition by the government of the great importance of this inland waterway to navigation.



THE fact that the \$150,000,000 Japanese loan floated by a nation-wide syndicate of bankers during the early part of February was largely over-subscribed by American investors demonstrates several interesting things.

One is, that almost insensibly America has come to be the banking house of the world. Time was, and that not so long ago, when England held that proud position of supremacy in world finance—as indeed she had held it for many generations. "The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street"—otherwise the Bank of England—was always a proud and haughty dame, and to her came thronging financial suitors from every corner of the world.

Now their languishing glances turn often and still more often to America—which, from the poorest, has in a short three hundred years grown to be the richest nation upon the earth.

Another thought in this connection is that any time in the last half century Japan would have gone to England, her



*A view of the beautiful city of Avalon, Island of Catalina, showing boat in the foreground carrying many thousands of people to this delightful reverie of the Pacific Coast*

old-time ally, without a question or a thought to raise this loan. She comes now to America—why?

We, as a nation have not been over-cordial to Japan, despite the fact that it was an American admiral who first broke through the racial reserve of the "hermit nation" and became a sort of liason officer between the sons of the Mikado and the civilized peoples of the world. England on the contrary with her *flair* for development of foreign trade has maintained a close offensive and defensive alliance with Japan for many years.

But the sons of Nippon are nothing if not opportunists—and America at the existing moment spells for them opportunity. They know—none better—that where an individual's or a nation's money is invested there lieth a great concern for its growth and safety, and with 150,000,000 American dollars invested in a Japanese loan, the American nation will indubitably deal circumspectly and gently with the Nipponese.

And too, not all Americans live in California—fortunately for Japan's quite evident desire to cultivate the friendship and assistance of America.



THE peculiar relation in which we stand to China is brought to mind by the visiting delegation of Chinese officials now in this country on a tour of inspection.

There is a saying that all good Frenchmen when they die go to Paris—and it might well be said also that all good Chinamen when they die go to America—except for the fact that when they die in this country very elaborate precautions are taken to ensure that their mortal remains shall eventually be carried back to the Flowery Kingdom—there to be buried amid the bones of their ancestors. But perhaps their astral bodies still linger in the land of their adoption—for America certainly looks very much like heaven to those slant-eyed Orientals whose family history is the oldest in the world.

And this is not so strange as it might seem—for despite our

rigid Chinese exclusion law, our half tolerant, half contemptuous treatment of patient John, the deplorable excesses of the sand-lot race riots in San Francisco's early days and the smug assurance of the Occidental viewpoint on Oriental habits, customs and beliefs—America alone of all the nations of the world has shown a spirit of fairness and honesty to China as a nation.

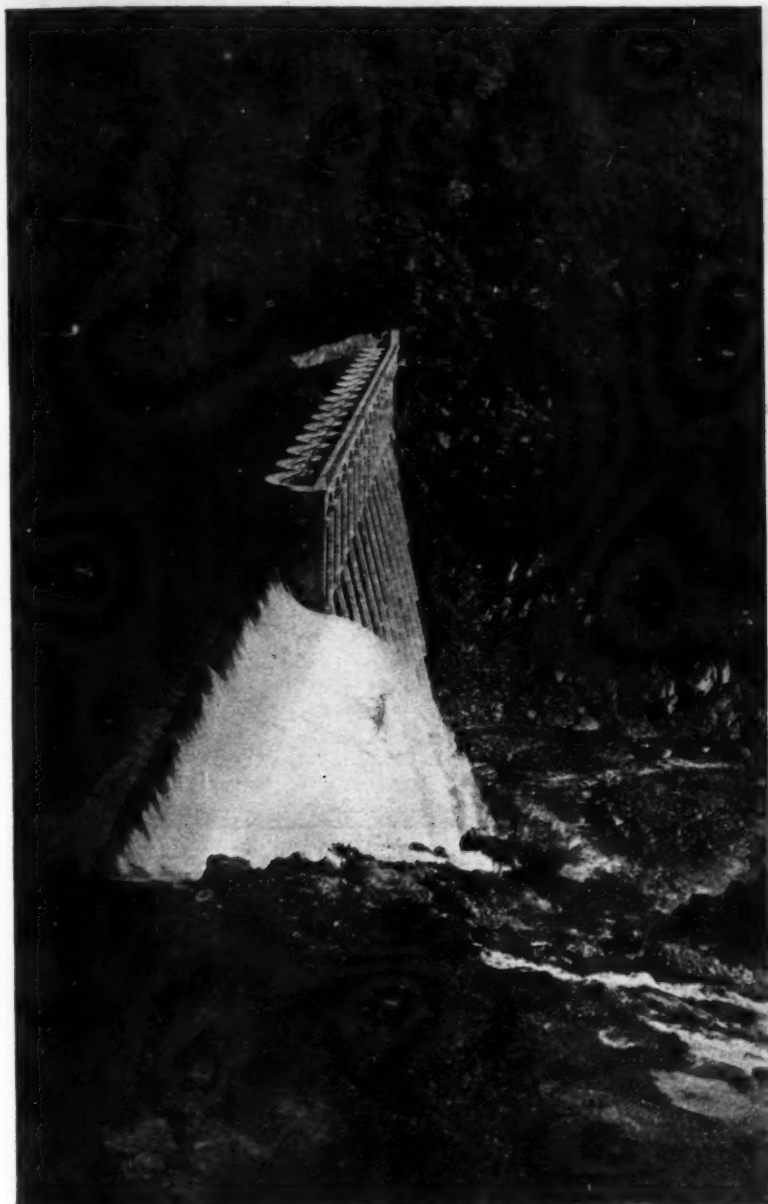
There is something to give us pause in the thought that the mind of the youngest of the great nations should so leap across the immeasurable gap of time and conventions that separates it from the oldest of the great nations and demonstrate a sympathetic understanding of its racial traits and its age-old inhibitions.

For, strange as it may seem, America comes nearer to a comprehension of the Chinese viewpoint of life than any other Occidental nation. The European, hide-bound with his pride of caste, looks upon the brown, the yellow and the black races as representatives of an inferior order. There exists between them, by common consent, an impalpable yet nevertheless impenetrable wall that, for the American, has no existence, or which he calmly brushes aside.

Something of this mental attitude has resulted in attaching the respect, the affection—almost the veneration—of China to America, so that it has become the almost sacred custom of the families of wealth in China to send one at least of their boys or girls to complete their education in some American university with the expectation that they will return to China and spread the culture of American ideals and American customs among their own compatriots.

And we should not lightly view this disposition to idealize America on the part of the most conservative people in all the history of mankind—a people moreover who had attained to a high degree of culture while the half-naked savages by whom the British Isles were peopled were still living in caves among the rocks.

We are a little apt in the rush and distraction of present day life to overlook the fact, when we wonder at the remarkable



*Lake Hodges Dam, one of the triumphs of engineering genius furnishing power and preserving water for the arid districts of the West*

scholarship displayed by the Chinese students in our schools, that they are the representatives of a system of philosophy and learning infinitely older than any other upon the earth today—and that the great wise man whose memory they still worship and whose teachings they still observe was gathered to his fathers more than three thousand years before Christ was born.



SOMEHOW the mind of the law-abiding citizens of other cities recoils from the strong-arm methods of law enforcement now in vogue in Philadelphia—traditionally a slow, sedate, and dignified metropolis. Tradition may be wrong—usually it is—but a flying squadron of axe-armed policemen without search-warrants going about the red-light district at all hours of the night and chopping their way through doors and partitions to the inner lairs of the hooch hounds and snow birds and African golf-maniacs—to say nothing of the devotees of the red and black, the worshippers of the whirling wheel and the patrons of the great American institution colloquially referred to as “stud”—this gives us cause to wonder a little

whether a respect for or a contempt of law may be engendered in the minds of the parties most concerned. To an outsider it looks like a confession of the ineffectiveness of the local government, and the bringing about of a condition akin to the vigilance committee form of abating public nuisances.

Given a mayor with honesty of purpose and a firm backbone, and a police department reasonably free from graft—and no American city should be compelled to witness such sights as have lately offended the eyes of the citizens of the City of Brotherly Love.

It rather looks to an unprejudiced observer as though the proprietors of the establishments of dalliance with Chance and communion with Bacchus were being summarily punished for the short-comings of the police department.

No one at all conversant with the operation of the unwritten law under which such establishments are permitted to exist in every city in the world would question for a minute their absolute dependence upon the favor of the police department—which they pay for as inevitably and as regularly as they pay their rent.

If the citizens of Philadelphia really want to “clean up” their fair city, it is in order to suggest that they begin with the city hall. If they stop at police headquarters on the way, by the time they reach the scene of the present activities it will of its own initiative have been transformed into a very passable model of Spotless Town.

People who are not professional reformers or blinded by ignorance of everyday conditions will place the blame for the present condition in Philadelphia where it belongs—and that is not upon the shoulders of the dive-keepers, who can only remain in business so long as the police authorities permit.

Were Benjamin Franklin, the patron saint of Philadelphia, still alive, we have no doubt that his constructive genius would be equal to the task that confronts the city government. And that he would find some means of cleaning up the situation without calling in the assistance of a captain of marines.



THERE is a lingering doubt in the minds of most people who are thinking about the subject at all, as to whether the international committee appointed to investigate the German reparations problem will be able to bring about a workable solution of the financial imbroglio in which that nation is involved.

Ordinarily when a meeting of the creditors of a financially involved concern is called for consultation as to how best to conserve the visible assets and apply them equitably toward a liquidation of its indebtedness, a disposition exists on the part of the management of the concern itself to facilitate the proceedings, and a desire that its creditors may realize some substantial portion of the amount that is due them.

There is no such disposition or desire apparent in the present instance. Rather, all indications point to the supposition that the German government has deliberately and with malice aforethought wrecked its financial system with the express purpose of evading any payment whatever.

And this is only what might logically be expected from a nation that could so unblushingly drop the veil of decency which the slow procession of uncounted ages of human progress have taught mankind in general to hold between their naked souls and the gaze of the multitude as the German soldiery and officers did during the progress of the war.

Any nation that absolutely lacks any belief in, or regard for,





*Will wonders never cease? Here are the Indian braves of the Northwest listening to the radio in the shadow of their teepee. As one remarked, "It is the voice of the Great Father speaking on the winds of the prairies"*

or fear of, the most elemental laws of both God and man is not likely to think twice about a little matter of business honesty.

All the discussions of all the reparations committees that may be organized from now till the end of time will come to naught unless backed up by visible and imminent force. As a matter of fact the more prolonged the discussions of the committee are, the more pleased the German government will be. Moral suasion as a sovereign corrective for inconsiderable infractions of the social code may sometimes be effective—just as a firm belief in the teachings of psycho-analysis may enable its neophytes to purge their systems of imaginary ills—but a good old-fashioned wallop with a bootjack may safely be recommended to put the immediate and lasting fear of God into the consciousness of the most obdurate of bad boys—and men are but boys of a larger growth.

No person now paying taxes in the United States will live long enough to see the day when he, or she, will no longer be paying a substantial part of their income every year to help wipe out the war debt we incurred to save Europe.

We have a shrewd suspicion that France, given a free hand and a little moral and financial aid from the rest of the Allies, could and would settle the reparations question with neatness and dispatch.

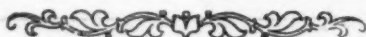
There is an old saying to the effect that he who dances must pay the piper. The Germans danced madly in a very bacchanalian orgy—for four long years. And France was the chief piper. Why not let her collect her pay in her own very business-like and effective way? Talking about it from now till the nether regions are frozen over will never make a dent in the Teutonic bump of comprehension. But a little more direct action along the line taken by France in the Ruhr might make the Germans see a great light.

IN the course of the President's Lincoln Day address he touched upon an angle of the tax problem that intimately concerns every taxpayer in the country—an angle that seems to be deliberately and persistently evaded or overlooked by the supporters of the Garner tax measure. No plainer exposition of a self-evident proposition could have been presented than when he said:

"There is no escaping the fact that when the taxation of large incomes is excessive, they tend to disappear. In 1916 there were 206 incomes of \$1,000,000 or more. Then the high tax rate went into effect. The next year there were only 141, and in 1918 but 67. In 1919 the number declined to 65. In 1920 it fell to 33, and in 1921 it was further reduced to 21.

"I am not making any argument with the man who believes that 55 per cent ought to be taken away from the \$1,000,000 income, or 68 per cent from a \$5,000,000 income; but when it is considered that in the effort to get these accounts we are rapidly approaching the point of getting nothing at all, it is necessary to look for a more practical method. That can be done only by a reduction of the high surtaxes when viewed solely as a revenue proposition, to about 25 per cent.

"I agree perfectly with those who wish to relieve the small taxpayer by getting the largest possible contribution from the people with large incomes. But if the rates on large incomes are so high that they disappear, the small taxpayer will be left to bear the entire burden. If, on the other hand, the rates are placed where they will produce the most revenue from large incomes, then the small taxpayer will be relieved. The experience of the Treasury Department and the opinion of the best experts place the rate which will collect most from the people of great wealth, thus giving the largest relief to people of moderate wealth, at not over 25 per cent."



# Where's the Money Coming From

*It costs a lot to run the United States Government now-a-days—just as it costs a lot to run any other business—and the job of “digging up the pay-roll” is a pretty important one*

**W**HETHER it be father, mother, uncle or aunt, whoever provides the money or holds the pursestrings is an important member of the family.

As Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, Congressman William R. Green, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, has Uncle Sam's commission to “get the money”—no matter who spends it. That means that this Committee must provide for raising the funds to carry on all the operations of this great nation, and for this purpose it has entire charge of all revenue measures, including tariff bills. The job was big enough before the war, but now that several billions are required to meet expenditures caused by the war, the magnitude of the task cannot easily be realized.

Since earliest days the Ways and Means Committee has been accorded a place of high importance. In the old days it was one of the stepping stones to the speakership and the position is now second only to that held by the Speaker. William McKinley was promoted from this position to the Presidency.

The present chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, William R. Green, was born in Colchester, Connecticut. Following the inclinations of the early migrations from that state he went West and, possibly by reason of his environment, has become a westerner in habits and inclinations. He graduated from Oberlin College in the classical course in the days when it was hard drilling to get out the Greek root and Latin derivatives every day and speak the dead language of the ancients.

During these days his ambition developed to be a lawyer. He was admitted to the bar in Illinois, but shortly after began the practice of law in Iowa. Elected as one of the judges of the fifteenth judicial district of Iowa, and re-elected four times, proved that the people had confidence in his integrity, and the record of the Supreme Court of Appeals from his decision abundantly shows his ability as a lawyer and the correctness of his judgment. In 1911 Judge Green entered the Sixty-second Congress with deliberative faculties fully developed through sixteen years of experience on the Bench.

Congressman Green is a medium-sized man, with closely-cropped mustache, kindly but steady eyes that indicate a disposition to consider all subjects fairly and deliberately, but to come to a conclusion with firmness and precision.

Successive elections to Congress for six terms show that his constituents feel that they have the right man there. He has never had any opposition in the primaries, either as a judge or Congressman, and has risen to the chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee in the almost unprecedented time of twelve years in Congress.

By nature a student and an untiring worker, Judge Green has long been regarded on his committee as the chief expert on tariff and taxation generally. His wide reading and extensive

studies always enable him to support his propositions by facts and figures and causes the House to give attention, as it always will to those who can furnish it information. No one makes more careful preparation for presentation of a bill, and his success in getting legislative measures through the House has been marked. In this he has been aided much by the fact that he enjoys the friendship of members belonging to both political parties. There are few members that have written into our laws so much constructive legislation. He is active in debate and in extemporaneous discussion of bills the impression is that he knows his subject and is talking common sense.

As ranking member of the Committee under Mr. Fordney, he had had much to do in making the last tariff bill. It may seem singular that he had charge of the cotton schedule of the Fordney bill, but the same subject was assigned to him when the Underwood bill was under consideration, and he was an acknowledged authority, having gone so far on various occasions as to go through the cotton mills of the East for the purpose of completing his information. Notwithstanding his western training, he is a thorough protectionist and strongly believes in the upbuilding and preservation of American industries. His speech on the tariff was used as a campaign document by the Republicans in the last election, and he is the author of the emergency tariff law enacted for the benefit of the agricultural regions.

He succeeded in getting a provision inserted in the last revenue bill largely increasing the exemptions to those having small incomes, and additional allowances for dependents. He also got the taxes taken off transportation, amounting to \$262,000,000, although the Secretary of the Treasury was opposed to the repeal, thinking that at that time it would create a deficit, and President Harding was inclined to support the Secretary in his opposition. In the new revenue bill, now pending, he is the author of the provision making a reduction of 25 per cent in the income taxes of last year, payable this year.

In the House of Representatives in 1922 Representative Green made an address on “Lincoln, the Marvelous Man.” It was not delivered with a flash of drum beats, but in a simple but masterful way summed up all the ideals of public



**CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM R. GREEN**, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, holds one of the most important positions in the government. His committee has to “bring home the bacon” to keep the government itself in operation—to decide just how the few billions of dollars that it must expend each year may be obtained

men, and has been widely quoted and in some cases liberally appropriated.

“Lincoln’s readiness to on all occasions set down his policy in black and white on any question, giving his reasons, and then letting the critics answer them” is to Judge Green one of the marvels of that great American. He closed his address in these words:

“After the assassin’s bullet had struck him down, as the last glimmer of life flickered and

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# Bearding "Bob" Davis in His Den

*An unknown writer "entering here" does not find the legend "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here"—for here the hope of many authors was born*

AT a gathering of literary barons in New York it was agreed that Robert H. Davis was the best judge of fiction in the country. In charge of the Munsey magazine publications for twenty years, he has witnessed the rise of the American short story.

If there is anybody who knows all sorts of stories, forward and backward, fore and aft, from starboard to port, and from keel to top mast, it is "Bob" Davis, literary warrior on rough seas.

This was said by one who had many of his stories refused and others, who had suffered likewise, joined in the chorus.

"Bob" Davis can take a manuscript and seem to feel it, like a piece of calico or linen, and tell its quality. He has discovered many of the best American fiction writers of the time and he has often kicked them along toward success with a fat blue pencil. In "Who's Who" and literary directories, the complete name of "Bob" is given as Robert Hobart Davis. They call him "Bob" because he encourages struggling and starving authors in the days of despondency in a friendly way, while still maintaining a pleasant face at the editorial helm of the magazine, insisting on straight sailing with words—to say what is intended and quit.

The now distinguished "Bob" was born in Brownsville, Nebraska, but grew up in Carson City, Nevada, where his brother, Sam Davis, published the *Appeal*. "Bob" appealed for a job and was reared as a compositor from "devil" up. He insists that he got the job because his brother could get him cheaper than he could get anyone else.

In the early '90's, after an experience with bucking bronchos and choking alkali, he made his way to San Francisco. He became a star compositor on the *Examiner* and pulled out a good string and commented caustically between "takes" to himself as to some of the rotten "copy." Naturally he drifted to the reportorial staff. Then he stepped on the gas and started a paper called *Chic*, with Frank Nankiville and Justus Wardell (afterward Collector of the Port of San Francisco), published fortnightly—that means every two weeks. It had its influence upon the intellectual life of San Francisco, but lost money freely. It was free from dictatorship.

At the end of a few months the flowers were brought and a valedictory written, in which "Bob" stated that all subscribers who had paid in advance would be reimbursed to the extent of the unexpired term. The man who owned the San Francisco *Wasp* remarked upon reading this that if *Chic* had contained some more witty and real humorous paragraphs like that it would have lived indefinitely and have made money—but it was too late.

When "Bob" Davis arrived at Park Row in 1895, he joined the New York *Journal* staff, under the late Sam Chamberlain on the daily paper and subsequently went over to the Sunday

issue associated with Morris Goddard, serving an eventful seven years of metropolitan journalism. After "recovering from newspaper measles and whooping cough," he was caught in the magazine epidemic and became managing fiction editor of the Munsey publications in 1908. Since then he has been making literary history.

He has written several plays: "The Family," "The Welcher," "Corralled," "Efficiency" (with Perlye Poore Sheehan) and "Any House" with Owen Davis, the author of "Icebound," and has boxed the compass in literary navigation.

Hunting and fishing is the real passion of "Bob" Davis' life. A farm up in New Hampshire, the state where Horace Greeley was born, is his hobby. There, with pipe and fishing rod, he is happy. Here his real genius sparkles in verse. He has read many poems in his editorial swivel-chair, but when the impulse moves him, he writes verse himself that has beauty and force. From his tribute to dynamic Roosevelt to his lines concerning Calvin Coolidge, he seems to know how to make prosaic Presidents romantic and picturesque.

Sitting in his office overlooking City Hall Park in New York City, he receives thousands of manuscripts. The output is about one thousand to one, but "Bob" Davis seems to scent a manuscript. Magazines are piled in pyramids on the news-stands as people call for stories. It has been estimated that there are over five hundred thousand people supporting themselves by writing where fifty years ago there were about fifty. Writing has become a business, yet it has all the hazards of fishing. No one can tell when a Stevenson or a Kipling is going to walk into the office and lay a manuscript on the table.

There are few more interesting conversationalists than Robert Davis. He knows about every phase of writing and talking. As he says:

The he-she story is worn out. The earth, as a setting, is exhausted. Jules Verne went under the sea, and the air has had its day. War literature, pseudo-scientific stories, historical novels, all have had their fling and passed—but there is always a story to tell.

He insists that many books survive because they contain one chapter with real vital life. That one thing may sell the book, but it is a daring thing to say when the new kind of story is coming and the cycle begins all over again.

The history of many successful writers begins: "My first story was purchased by 'Bob' Davis."

He was the first editor they met on the firing

line by letter or in person. He has a sympathetic but frank way of talking and has not reached the age of editorial omniscience. The mental demand must be filled. Magazine fiction is naturally of mushroom growth. "Bob" Davis is eternally looking for the thing that will endure. A list of the successful authors whom he has nursed through their struggling days would fill a small literary "Who's Who." Fannie Hurst brought him her first story, also Mary Roberts Rinehart, Charles Van Loan, Ben Ames Williams, Octavus Roy Cohen, Dorothy Canfield, James



**ROBERT H. DAVIS**, literary dictator of the Munsey group of magazines for a score of years, the court of last resort for thousands of aspiring writers, has during that time functioned as a sort of literary dry nurse to dozens of now well-known authors. He is really not nearly so formidable as he appears above. In fact, at times he evinces an almost human sympathy for some poor and starving writer

Oliver Curwood; in fact, the list includes the nation's most successful story writers. Montague Glass found himself when "Bob" Davis told him to give up the practice of law and put some of his clients into fiction, with the result that Potash and Perlmuter was born.

Robert Davis not only knows the map of the United States, but he knows the local color of every section and the background as well as the foreground. There is nothing that delights him more than finding a new, unknown name attached to a good story.

When you ask "Bob" Davis as to how much of the output of the avalanche of magazine and periodical literature will live, he simply shrugs his shoulders, takes a long puff at his pipe and does not answer.

In appearance he is rugged and strong shouldered, quick spoken and kindly. His handshake would do justice to an aspiring politician. Dictating letters at rapid-fire speed and speeding out rush copy, he is a pace-maker, but when he really wants to write, he takes a lead pencil and a scrap of paper and puts it down word by word. A long necktie or long hair he has never worn;

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# Dr. Charles Proteus Steinmetz

*The story of this great genius who came here as a poor German student, but who advanced to be a master in the field of electricity*

THE scientific world met with an irretrievable loss in the death of Dr. Charles Proteus Steinmetz, consulting engineer of the General Electric Company and Professor of Electro-physics at Union College, Schenectady, New York. He was universally acknowledged to be the world's greatest master of electricity and mathematics—a hurler of thunderbolts—the superman of an electrical age—a veritable wizard in the field. His name is known wherever electricity performs its myriads of tasks. There are millions of monuments to his genius, in factory, in power plant, on the street, in the home—wherever electricity is used, because of the fundamental principles which he has worked out in those realms of science.

Dr. Steinmetz was born in Breslau, Germany, April 9, 1865, when his father was a railroad employee at a small salary. At the age of five he was sent to school, spending several years in the kindergarten at Breslau. This included a course of elementary study, during which time he made his first acquaintance with arithmetic. It is reported that as a boy he had great difficulty in mastering the multiplication tables, although once mastered, he made rapid progress in elementary mathematics.

A few years later he entered the classical gymnasium and specialized not only in mathematics but in the classical languages as well. Mathematics were his favorite studies, and he began to distinguish himself in that field, so much so that he was the only honor pupil and was not required to take the usual examination before graduation.

In 1882 he entered the University of Breslau. Many interesting experiences are related in reference to his years at this institution, but prominent among them are his associations with his fellow students. He entered into their pranks as well as the serious aspects of university life. He joined the student Mathematical Society which met weekly for the discussion of mathematical problems and social enjoyment.

Upon admission to this organization he was given, as was the custom, a university nickname. Steinmetz's true name was Karl August Rudolph, but he received the student name of "Proteus." Just how the name originated, no one is able to say, but ever after coming to the United States he used Proteus as his middle name.

In the later years at the University he studied not only mathematics and astronomy but chemistry, physics, medicine and political economy, together with what there was to study in the new subject of electrical engineering as well. He conducted several lines of research and was so much interested in electricity that he fitted up a crude laboratory at home where he engaged in experiments apart from the prescribed course.

Also in these later years at college he became interested in the Social Democratic party in the German Political movement, which later was the

By JOHN J. BIRCH

cause of his departure from Germany. In 1887 a number of social agitators were restrained by the police, among them being a student named Henry Lux who was a close friend of Steinmetz.

Lux and several others were imprisoned, but communicated with each other by the use of invisible ink which they manufactured themselves. It is said that Lux compounded his ink from tooth paste, a sanitary water which was given him as a mouth wash, and blotting paper.



DR. CHARLES PROTEUS STEINMETZ was one of those human comets that infrequently in the history of mankind have flashed across the heavens of Science. For pure mentality he stood alone on a high peak of scientific achievement in the midst of a century that has developed more scientific marvels than all the ages that have gone before

When this occurred Lux was about to graduate and requested of the authorities certain text books with which to complete his graduation thesis. This request was granted him and on the fly leaves of these text books he wrote his secret communications to Steinmetz. In this way they prepared their defense, making all the stories tally so perfectly that when they were finally tried in court, they were not convicted.

During this interval, Steinmetz acted as temporary editor of the Breslau Social Democratic newspaper: *The People's Voice*. One of these issues contained articles offensive to the government, which led to an investigation by the police and the ultimate confiscation of the issue. Suspicion against Steinmetz arose out of these activities. Finally after Lux and the others had been released the university was notified that the government had a good "case" against Steinmetz. His professors informed him of this and advised him to leave the country. On the morning of a bright May day in 1888, he quietly went to Vienna. A friend aided him to cross the Austrian boundary. He remained in Vienna for several years. Then he went to Zurich, Switzerland, where he sojourned for another year. Here he entered the Zurich Polytechnicum where he not only studied mechanical engineering but began writing upon scientific subjects for a Zurich daily paper, which paid him two dollars a week.

His ambition at this time was to return to Breslau and secure his degree from the university and teach mathematics, but while at Zurich he made the acquaintance of Oscar Amussen, a young student who had wealthy relatives in America.

AMUSSEN proposed to Steinmetz to accompany him to America. He at first refused to go because of lack of funds, but after his friend offered to pay his way he accepted. They went from Zurich to Brest and sailed from there as steerage passengers on *La Campagne*, a French immigrant steamer, reaching New York City, June 1, 1889. It was on his way across the Atlantic that Steinmetz first studied the English language.

Undoubtedly had it not been for his friend's generosity he would never have been allowed entrance into the United States. His lack of funds, his deformed body and his unfamiliarity with the language did not impress the immigration officials at all favorably. The friend who accompanied Steinmetz convinced the officials that he would not become a public charge,—in fact he gave Steinmetz half the money he possessed and showed the officials that he would be responsible for Steinmetz after they landed.

The only means which Steinmetz had for securing work were two letters of introduction, written by one of his teachers at Zurich and addressed to two American manufacturers whom he knew. The first application brought rebuff, but the second secured for him a position as draftsman for twelve dollars per week in the manu acturing

establishment of Rudolph Eikemeyer at Yonkers. At that time, this company was making a few electric motors and generators and advocating the use of electricity for trolley car propulsion. All of the designs for the experiments on the electric cars passed through his hands. The company became so interested in him and so confident of his ability that they supplied him with a laboratory in which he specialized on magnetic testing.

He began to write on electrical subjects after he had been in this country but a short time. His first paper, read before the American Institute for Electrical Engineers, was upon the subject: "Armature Reaction of Alternators." From then on his papers on the laws of hysteresis began to attract considerable attention.

In 1892 a great part of the manufacturing business of the Eikemeyer Manufacturing Company was purchased by the General Electric Company and Steinmetz was transferred to the Lynn Works, at Lynn, Massachusetts. During the year he was there, he worked chiefly at the plan, then new, of transmitting electricity over considerable distances for power and light.

As more or less of a side issue, together with a Mr. Vanderpoel, he worked night after night in an old barn at Essex and Liberty Streets to perfect the electric flatiron, electric oven and overhead trolley for street cars. The overhead trolley was perfected and Steinmetz and Vanderpoel rode on the first car ever propelled by electricity. The electric iron was discontinued, for they believed that no buyers could be found.

In January, 1893, he was transferred to the main plant at Schenectady, New York, and made chief consulting engineer.

**DOCTOR STEINMETZ**, although completing all his work at the University of Breslau, did not receive a degree from that institution. In 1902, Harvard University conferred on him the degree of Master of Arts, President Charles W. Elliot saying:

"I confer this degree upon you as the foremost electrical engineer in the United States and therefore in the world."

A year later, Union University at Schenectady conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, and in that same year he became professor of electrical engineering at that institution, and at the time of his death occupied the chair of electro-physics.

He was an honorary member of the Union College chapter of Phi Gamma Delta fraternity; of the honorary scientific fraternities, Sigma Xi and Tau Beta Pi and of Eta Kappa Nu Engineering Fraternity.

He was president of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers for the years 1901-1902; of the Illuminating Engineering Society for the year 1915 and of the National Association of Corporation Schools in 1915. He has served as Vice-President of the International Association of Municipal Electricians for several years. He was a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and of the American Association of Electrical Engineers. Aside from these he was a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers; the British Institution of Electrical Engineers and the German Electro-Chemical Society.

In the city of Schenectady Doctor Steinmetz was president of the Common Council and twice President of the Board of Education.

Aside from being a prodigious contributor to scientific and mathematical journals, Doctor Steinmetz was the author of many important

works on electrical engineering, prominent among which are:

"Investigation on Magnetism."

"The Development of the Scientific Method of Alternating Current Calculations."

"The General Theory of Electrical Transients."

"Theoretical Elements of Electrical Engineering."

"General Electrical Engineering Lectures."

"Radiation, Light and Illumination."

"Engineering Mathematics."

"America and the New Epoch."

Just a short time before his death he began an article on his early life in Germany, intending to finish it, but death halted his labors. Dr. Steinmetz stopped in the middle of a sentence. He was writing of student life and of the "Vienna Cafe" which played such a large part in student activities. Then he began to say something of the famous cafe, of his associates, and the article ended, "On the way to the cafe we had to pass two night patrolmen . . ."

**DOCTOR STEINMETZ** was not an isolated figure living in the depths of a laboratory. Although he did not attain great length of days, few men lived so completely, and to few men is it given to live so usefully and to give so much service to others.

The noted engineer was a familiar sight on the streets of Schenectady. On the coldest days of winter he could be seen trudging to work, invariably in a gray suit without an overcoat, sometimes even without a hat; when he did wear one it was a coon-skin cap with side ear flaps which he never tied. He looked neither to the right or the left, apparently engrossed in some problem that was on his mind.

But regardless of the depths of his thoughts he never missed shaking hands with friends and stopping and chatting for a few minutes. Doctor Berg of Union College, his associate since 1892, made the following remarks in reference to the private life of this great genius: "Early work in close contact with Doctor Steinmetz, and a common home in bachelor days, afforded me opportunity to appreciate his remarkable mind and to admire the lovable qualities of human nature which he revealed in daily life. Kind and gentle in character, his motive always was to be helpful. He had a strong idea that life could be made much easier and pleasanter than it was, and particularly desired the reduction of manual labor by the introduction of machinery. He was unusually fond of children. He would often suggest plans for a dance and would enjoy the sight of the gaiety and a chance to admire pretty girls and their beauty and wit. During childhood, prevented by over-anxious parents from playing with children, he seemed to retain the desire throughout his maturity, and would play with them any time, no matter how pressed with serious matters. In his early youth here and surrounded by other young men, he was often the leader in boyish pranks and sports. He would take active part in sailing and boating and water contests, though it is doubtful that he learned to swim well, or even at all. He was an enthusiastic bicyclist and many a time rode as far as Lake George in a day, then sixty-five miles by the road. He was a reliable guard against detection when friends decided some night to change a few signs about the streets of the city. In all kinds of ways he was boyish, even at the age of thirty."

He was an ardent lover of Nature. Twenty-five years ago he built a simple camp on the Mohawk River a few miles from Schenectady.

Here he cooked his own meals, did his own housework and lived in Spartanlike simplicity. If the day were rainy he worked inside on a rough table he made a number of years ago. If the day were clear, he worked in his canoe, as the light winds of the Mohawk Valley pushed his craft up and down stream. His desk was a number of boards which he placed across the canoe. He weighted his papers with a number of pebbles which he always carried in his canoe for that purpose.

When he was puzzled or disturbed he went ashore and walked up and down stream. Through the high, green goldenrod runs a narrow track worn hard and smooth by the master of electricity in his calculating moments of summertime.

He was hardly ever seen without a cigar in his mouth. This led many people to believe that he was an inveterate smoker. But he was not, because he smoked very mild ones and not a great number either. As he said in his own words: "But I have kept track of the number for a long time. Some number of years ago I began buying my cigars wholesale, a thousand at a time. And because I am of a mathematical turn of mind, I watched to see how long they lasted. At first I found that I was averaging seven cigars a day. Gradually without any deliberate attempt to cut down the number, it nevertheless came down to six, then to five and at the present I am averaging only three and one-half cigars a day. But they last me practically all day, because I smoke so slowly. I am exceptionally moderate in my use of tobacco. I am not at all the "human chimney" I am represented to be. It is because I make one small mild cigar last for hours that I am so often seen with one."

**DOCTOR STEINMETZ** was, by reputation, one of the highest salaried electrical experts in the world. As a matter of fact that is not so. Doctor Steinmetz was not on the payroll of the General Electric Company, nor was his salary ever estimated. The Company built and maintained laboratories for him at the Schenectady Works and at his home, paid his expenses for experiments and for his living, and the inventor asked no more. His spacious home was maintained chiefly for his adopted son and family, the son caring for details of the home upkeep, and the son's wife executing the missions of charity which the inventor frequently directed. He spent no stated hours at the General Electric Company. Usually he conducted his experiments in his home laboratory, working when he felt the urge, reading or resting at other times.

He was possessed of firm religious convictions, his Christianity was of such sound yet liberal character that for many years he gave talks in the schools with the entire approval of the educational guardians of the children of many nationalities. He often occupied the pulpit of All Soul's Unitarian Church of which he was a member. His favorite theme of address at such times was science and religion. He believed that there was no necessity of conflict between them. Only when one crossed the domain of the other was there conflict, as when religion taught the myths of creation as contained in the Bible, as though it were a fact in biology in opposing the theory of evolution. He believed science and religion were separate and unrelated activities of the human mind, each having a distinct place in the life of the individual.

His reason for membership in the church he said was: "To symbolize his love for his fellow

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*A few pages of gossip about*

## Affairs and Folks

*Brief comment on current happenings, and news notes about some people who are doing worth-while things*

**A**MONG the papers of the late President McKinley was discovered a letter that he wrote to his teacher, Miss M. C. Le Duc, in 1860. The tribute prepared by this little lad twelve years of age, foreshadows the gentleness and courtesy of the man who later became President of the United States. It was found in an old scrap book of the teacher. The first name on the list was that of William McKinley, Jr. There were two pages of signature including all the other scholars of the school, who not only signed their names but subscribed the sum that provided this token of love and affection from the school boys and girls of Poland, Ohio:

(COPY FROM SCRAP BOOK)

Poland, Ohio, March 16, 1860.

Miss M. C. Le Duc,  
Beloved Teacher:

We the students of the Poland Female College in token of our gratitude to you, our much esteemed instructress, present with this Album a record of our sentiments, hoping that we may occupy some secluded place in the "Store house, memory." 'Tis with sad hearts that we bid adieu to one to whom we owe so much, none but pleasant memories linger 'round the many hours we have spent together in the school room. A tender chord is touched and tears unrestrained flow when we tender the parting hand to one who has endeared herself to us by so many acts of untiring zeal for advancement in the pursuit of knowledge. Your smile of approval when we did right, your gentle reproof when in error, your Christian example tend only to cause our hearts to bleed afresh in the hope we sustain in parting with you. Although stupendous mountains may rise, rivers roll between us, still may we not indulge the pleasing idea that the chain of our friendship will continue to brighten though we may bid you good bye when the spring bud of life is bathed in the first dew, and meet thee not until life's vesper bell shall toll but faintly and memory shall linger 'round our soul like the fragrance of dewy flowers.

[Signed] WILLIAM MCKINLEY, JR.  
WILLIAM OSBORN,  
ETC., ETC.  
HELEN MCKINLEY,  
SARAH E. MCKINLEY,  
ETC., ETC., ETC.



### [An Industrial Housing Problem Solved in Beautiful Shawsheen Village]

**W**ILLIAM M. WOOD, head of the great American Woolen Company, once said, "We intend to lose no opportunity to promote wisely and justly the happiness and prosperity of those upon whom this great industry depends."

In line with that policy he began the development of Shawsheen Village in 1918, his plans which had been maturing in his mind over a period of years hastened somewhat by the war-time shortage of houses among the employees of the corporation.

To properly appreciate what the American Woolen Company have done at Shawsheen Village one should have known old Frye Village, as

this section of the town of Andover was called since the earliest periods in the town's history. Frye Village was a little cross-roads settlement consisting of a small mill, a little store and some twenty-five houses grouped about them.

The central feature of the Shawsheen development is the square, a glorified cross-roads, where the Reading turnpike crosses the main road between Lowell and Haverhill. Standing in this square, as one faces Lawrence, he has on his right the fine building which houses the Balmoral Spa, the community drug store and the offices of several local business firms. Across the bowling green is the imposing main office building of the American Woolen Company, on the left is the postoffice building and beyond the new Merchant's Building.

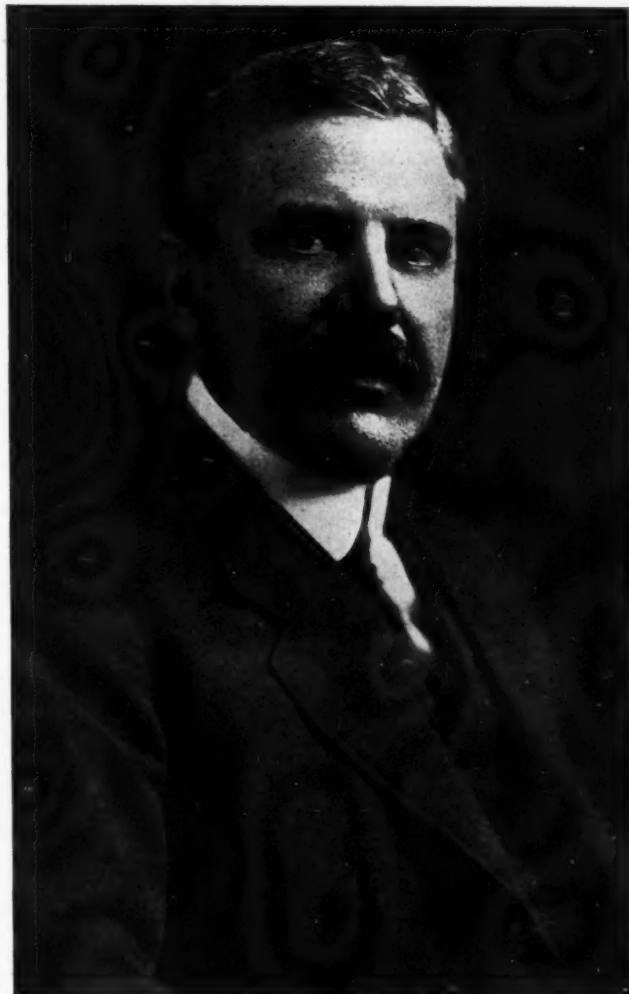
Also within sight are the brush factory, the laundry building, the Shawsheen garage, the Shawsheen Manor, the Shawsheen dairy and some distance away one catches a glimpse of the magnificent building of the Shawsheen Mills, generally considered the finest textile mills in the world.

Leading away from the square are many wide, well-kept streets upon which are some two hundred houses of brick, of wood, of stucco, and of stone, all different, all attractive and all built with the idea of roominess and comfort. These houses are occupied by various employees in the main office, in the other industries of Shawsheen, and from the mills of the adjoining city of Lawrence in which are located four mills of the American Woolen Company employing in the aggregate about fifteen thousand people.

It is hard to realize, as one sees Shawsheen Village, that this whole project has been developed in the short space of five years. It has an air of permanency. The streets are either cement or macadam, the lawns are smooth and the landscape effects are planned to provide charming vistas. Everywhere it is apparent that the natural beauty of the site has been preserved as far as possible and there is nowhere any

of that monotonous appearance that most large developments present.

Recreation is an important part in the Shawsheen development. Within a stone's throw of the Administration Building is a large athletic



**W**ILLIAM M. WOOD, president of the American Woolen Company, possesses the confidence of the employees of that great organization to a remarkable extent. His efforts toward humanizing an industry that for generations has been recognized as one of the "killing" employments have been productive of great good and have brought about a fine spirit of co-operation between the institution and its helpers

field with a grandstand, where track meets, football, baseball and other games are held. Tennis courts are provided. Canoeing may be enjoyed on the Shawsheen river. Bowling and clock golf are also played. An 18-hole golf course is now being laid out west of the village. A beautiful natural swimming pool surrounded by birches and alders has been made near the village center by building a dam across a small stream.



So much for a brief sketch of the appearance of the community. Equally interesting perhaps is the general idea behind this great development. The building of Shawsheen Village is not a charitable or paternalistic movement by a kindly employer who is contributing to the welfare of

basis but all so co-ordinated and so efficiently managed that a member of the community gets what might be called wholesale prices on living costs. Shawsheen Village is so carefully planned that a resident's surroundings are at least on a par with those of the best suburban communities in the country, and the whole town is so democratically conceived that each inhabitant can look squarely into the eyes of each other inhabitant confident in the knowledge that he is paying his own way.

The future of Shawsheen Village, in the minds of those whose opinion really counts, is that it will be the future worsted and woolen center of America, not only because the offices of the American Woolen Company are located there, but because it has a strategic position as regards Lawrence, the Andovers and Lowell, where some of the most important worsted mills in the

country are located. In an office building now being built some thirty wool firms of Boston have engaged branch offices. As one of those wool men recently expressed it, "Shawsheen Village is in the very heart of the worsted industry and our office there will enable us to maintain close touch with the great plants of the section. The American Woolen Company are, of course, tremendous consumers of wool, but we feel, disregarding their business, that an office in Shawsheen Village is a necessity to firms who are keeping abreast of the trend."

Although adjectives have been exhausted in description of Shawsheen Village and of the marvelous things that have been done there and the vision and foresight of its leading spirit, William M. Wood, after one visits the community and realizes its possibilities he is indeed blind who cannot sense a future for Shawsheen Village unlimited in its promise of increasing importance and prosperity.



#### First Aid to the Mentally Befogged Writer or Speaker

FOR some years there has been a writer who has been quietly making himself felt in the business world by writing the message of a silent partner as an antidote for mental vacuum. In these days of pre-digested activities it is refreshing to find a writer who comes right out in the open with a first-aid kit to aid the mentally tongue-tied writer or speaker. F. D. Van Amburgh for twelve years has been publishing a little paper called *The Silent Partner*. It has not been very silent in some ways, and now Van Amburgh in launching his book "The Mental Spark Plug," is coming to the rescue of those who speak, write or think out loud.

Have you ever stared at a blank sheet of paper for half an hour, cudgeling your hard-driven mental faculties for one single thought worth putting down in the space you've simply got to fill before you can go to dinner? Or trying

to dope out a new sort of sales letter that will hold its reader at least to the third paragraph? Or wondering how in the mischief the longshoremen's union produces so many talented orators when you're utterly floored at the mere suggestion of preparing something to "say in public" at the next annual banquet of the Whosis Company's home office force?

The editor of a business magazine faces all three of these problems at various times, and, reading between the lines of Editor Van Amburgh's book, it is pretty clear that he must have jotted down the thousands of "sparks" in it over a period of many years, as a form of insurance against being caught off guard when called upon to deliver an originally-phrased idea on short notice. And for all who speak, write, or think out loud, the book should serve the same purpose. It is full from cover to cover of original thought-stimulating epigrams, and for convenience they are collected into alphabetically listed groups. Under "Ability," for instance, on the first page, there is this pithy bit of truth:

"The most interesting income you will receive from doing good work is the increased ability to do better work."

And under "Zeal" on the last page: "If you invest *yourself* properly, the money will take care of itself."

"Figuratively speaking," he says in the introduction, "we frequently need in writing, talking, or in correspondence, a spark plug. The mental machine often requires the impetus imparted by the explosion in the mental cylinder, and, of course, a mental spark plug is the answer."

Van Amburgh's book ought to be as great a present-day boom to lawyers, business-letter writers, preachers, *et al*, as Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" used to be to the fiction writers of the Grover Cleveland era. And, unlike the "Quotations," it's all original and ultra-up-to-date.

Van Amburgh is an original thinker, who has a happy faculty of concise expression that makes his little publication a welcome visitor in thousands of business offices throughout the country.



#### How a Titled Englishman Views Conditions at Ellis Island

WHILE criticisms of Ellis Island are coming thick and fast from English authorities it makes racy paragraphs for newspaper trouble corners. In a letter received by Robert E. Tod, then Commissioner of Immigration, in reference to the situation from an Englishman's point of view, there was the refreshing candor of a real sportsman who stands out for fairness, either a statesman or business man. Sir Thomas Lipton wrote Mr. Tod at a time when the fireworks were buzzing and since that time, Secretary Davis has called the attention of some of the foreign steamship companies to facts to be considered at



**ADMINISTRATION BUILDING** of the American Woolen Company at Shawsheen Village, the community beautiful established through the efforts of William M. Wood and his co-workers. This remarkable development of industrial-welfare building is apparently destined to become the heart of the woolen and worsted industry of America

the men and women in his organization. To be sure the contribution to their happiness is there, but Shawsheen Village is a business proposition, a consolidation of activities, each on a paying

#### "THREE BLOC CROWS"

THREE sleek "Bloc" crows sit on a tree,  
As cunning as "Bloc" crows should be,  
They caw and caw that folks may see  
This Holy Bloc Crow Trinity.

Then Mangus chatters to the flock  
"Behold, the Saviour of the Bloc—  
Hear our proposal; planting scorn—  
Our job's to pull up Uncle's corn."

"We plant not; Ay! but we shall reap  
Rich harvest; though we need must keep  
Poor Uncle Sam in shame and wrath,  
We sneer at folly's aftermath.  
We are the people just we three  
A Holy Bloc Crow Trinity."

Then Brookhart votes and Sheepstead ayes  
And Mangus from the tree top cries,  
" 'Tis carried; for we three agree  
That we're The Bloc Crow Trinity."

Now there's a ray of hope to glean  
Beneath this foolish little scene;  
The crow's a migratory bird  
And soon no cawing will be heard,  
Amidst the crops that others sow,  
For thus doth nature scourge the crow.  
He makes no human heart rejoice;  
There's dearth of music in his voice;  
Though parrot-like he learns to say  
"Progressive" yet he can not stay.  
It's just a pass word, just a whim  
He uses while he's getting in;  
His life will yet be more forlorn,  
When Uncle learns he's "Pulling corn."

Who would aspire then to be  
A "Bloc" crow cawing in a tree,  
And pulling corn he did not sow;  
Say, where's the bird who'd be a crow.

—H. Ross Ake.



**F. D. VAN AMBURGH**  
Editor of *The Silent Partner*  
and writer of business  
philosophy



**SIR THOMAS J. LIPTON**, a true sportsman, whom all Americans as well as all Britons, delight to honor because of his human qualities

Ellis Island which did not serve the purpose of engendering international complications and helping out private business.

19th January, 1923.

Commissioner Robert E. Tod,  
Ellis Island,  
New York.

My dear Commissioner:—

Some of our newspapers here have recently been publishing paragraphs relating to incidents which are said to have taken place at Ellis Island and giving the impression that there is something wrong with the policy and methods in operation there.

My own experience, gained from a visit of four hours' duration a few weeks ago, leads me to think that there is some misapprehension on the subject, as all I saw convinces me that every possible care is taken to make those detained at the emigration station as comfortable as possible in the circumstances. I am certain that there is no country in the world where emigrants are better looked after.

Of course one does not expect to find at Ellis Island the luxuries of a Ritz-Carlton or a Biltmore, neither do I suppose your visitors are called upon to settle any little bills such as are presented in due course to the guests of the exclusive and magnificent establishments I have mentioned.

In view of the well-known reputation enjoyed by the American nation for free-handed and generous

hospitality (which I myself have been fortunate enough to experience to an almost overwhelming extent), I cannot imagine the people of the United States tolerating or countenancing anything which would savour of harshness or unkindness towards those who are seeking to become citizens of your beloved country.

Your own personal share in the efforts to secure amelioration of the lot of those who come under the control of the Department over which you so ably preside needs no commendation from me, as it is already well recognized and appreciated by those who have any knowledge or experience of the conditions at present existing at Ellis Island, and my only reason for writing you now is to assure you of my own appreciation of the splendid self-sacrificing work you are doing for the benefit of those less fortunate men, women and children with whom you are called upon to deal in the exercise of your difficult and onerous duties.

With my best wishes,  
I am,

Yours faithfully.

(Signed) THOMAS J. LIPTON.



### New York Managing Editor Who Combines the Commercial and Editorial Instincts

**MANAGING** editors usually manage things. His room is the throne room when things are under way. In the newspaper office where the late President Harding "made up" a form and sent the paper to press in New York, Julian S. Mason was dispatching business at a lively rate. Over the telephone it was yes or no, quick!

Julian Mason graduated from Yale in 1898 and spent the first part of his life in the wholesale grocery business. He insists that selling goods helped much in the selling of news and editorial comment. The commercial side of life, he insists, is invaluable to a managing newspaper editor.

His business experience taught him how to know men, and relegated to the background the idea of continuous bitter strife between the business office and the editorial room.

While he did his first newspaper work on the *Yale News*, the oldest college daily in the country, Julian Mason began his serious career on the *Chicago Herald*, later the *Tribune* and the

*Evening Post*. He caught the Chicago pace and came to New York, where he has been doing things ever since.

The originator of the "Truth Box," he believes with Charles A. Dana, that the way to get good men who can write is to give them freedom and responsibility.

The *Tribune*, with all the traditions of Horace Greeley, the patron saint of modern journalism, has been stepping lively these later days under the managing editorship of Julian S. Mason.

It stands today, as it has for over half a century, as a shining beacon of newspaperdom.

### Tells the Story of the Theatre and Finds Signs of Progress

**WHEN** Vivien Kellems arises to address an audience of men, she makes the words snap and puts over her points in quick succession. She is not a blue-stocking reformer, but gives a delightful personality talk on the true inside story of the theatre. An irredeemable optimist, she believes that the theatre is better today than ever before, calling attention to the fact that Shakespeare has been revived, and that Ibsen's "Peer Gynt", Galsworthy's "Loyalties," and the Moscow Art Theatre are thriving. What more could be asked, even if there are a few high-priced musical shows drawing hard in the other direction.

Her story of Channing Pollock's success with "The Fool" is an interesting sidelight on the ups and downs of the playwright:

Channing Pollock had been writing plays nearly twenty-five

years—the general sort the public was supposed to want, but always with the growing conviction that what they really wanted was something much better.

Ten years ago Mr. Pollock wanted to write "The Fool." Five years ago he made the contract for its production with A. H. Woods. He was engaged to write the play for an actor named Shelly Hull, who was under contract with Mr. Woods at that time. Mr. Hull died and Mr. Pollock was left with his contract. Every time he went to Mr. Woods he was urged to write a play about crooks or unfaithful wives.

Then Miss Kellems went on and told how this sort of thing continued until finally, in desperation, Mr. Pollock wrote part of "The Fool" and read it to Mr. Woods, who was bored by it. He said that any man who wrote a play about the possibility of following the golden rule, the possibility of living everyday business life and home life along the lines of the Sermon on the Mount was crazy. "Nobody has anything to do with that kind of a life nowadays, nobody cares about it." What Mr. Woods wanted was a good farce.

But Mr. Pollock finished "The Fool" and eventually Mr. Woods rejected it and released Mr. Pollock from his contract. He tried others, but they turned it down. Finally the Selwyns took a chance and put it on in Los Angeles. Later it came to New York and for three weeks it looked like a failure, but it finally turned into one of the hits of the season.

The public attitude toward the play was an appreciation of the opportunity it gave to use their brains. This was clear in hundreds of letters which discussed questions raised in the minds of those who saw it. "Producers persistently misunderstood a large section of the public," is Miss Kellems' deduction from this experience.

The trouble with the producers is that they have catered to the so-called "tired" business man, without thinking that probably the kind of plays they were forcing on him was one of the reasons he was



**VIVIEN KELLEMS**, apostle of the better theatre, thinks that the majority of producers persistently misunderstand the public taste



**JULIAN S. MASON**, Managing Editor of the *New York Tribune*, started out to be a grocer, but changed his mind and became a newspaper man instead—whereby trade lost, and journalism gained, a splendid intellect and a magnetic personality





**HAROLD J. POWER**, of Medford Hillside, Massachusetts, whose realization of the universal importance of radio led to the establishment of the world's first broadcasting station in 1921. He experimented for a year when a boy, first in his mother's kitchen and later in the shack he called his laboratory, before he received the initial message over the instruments he constructed

so tired. These very managers are what is most wrong with the theatre. They have been determined to make it pay financially and have worked upon the hypothesis that the theatre-going public is either devoid of intelligence or that the moment they step inside a theatre lobby they suffer an absolute suspension of all mental activity. And so we have offered to us demi-virgins whose whole plot is built upon an obscene idea . . . and a host of other plays whose sole merit lies in salacious or suggestive repartee or a total absence of anything likely to inspire constructive thought.

Miss Kellems is the daughter of a clergyman and has degrees of M. A. and B. O. of the University of Oregon and Columbia University. She is very enthusiastic concerning the subject of a better theatre.



#### The Department of Commerce Considers Interference and Other Problems in Radio

**R**ADIO continues to be a great activity of the Department of Commerce. The question of interference and other problems of the air are being gradually solved. A bill is being prepared to relieve the situation. The Advisory Board consisting of volunteers to some extent have made use of the suggestions of Harold J. Power of the American Radio and Research Corporation of the staggered wave plan which has marked a great advance in radio communication. It has eliminated interference between broadcasting and transmitting stations. The other two major interference problems are the interference caused by ships and by broadcast listeners improperly using their regenerative receiving sets. The interference caused by one neighbor with another in not using their sets properly is a serious difficulty which can only be solved by each receiving set being used properly.

In a very concise address from the Amrad

Station, WGI, Mr. Power, who has the ability to explain technical matters in plain English, clearly outlined the proper way to use the regenerative receiving sets. As a result of this talk to radio users he received a large number of letters of commendation. Mr. Power inaugurated the first program broadcasting station and founded the first broadcasting station in the world designed to entertain the general public. The Department of Commerce is fortunate to have the co-operation of such an experienced man in solving the perplexing problems that are coming up every day in this new industry. Radio fans are increasing to such a rapid extent that it is estimated that forty million sets will be in use in the United States at the end of this year. It is almost considered now that any home without a radio is living in the back ages.

Following are the main points of Mr. Power's address:

"In the early days of broadcasting I talked into the microphone frequently. Broadcasting has progressed so rapidly and the listening audience now requires such high-grade talent, that my director of broadcasting has left me entirely out of the programs.

"Eight years ago I stood in this same room, devoid of the splendid sound absorbing draperies, and played phonograph records which were heard for a distance of one hundred miles at sea. Radio broadcasting for the American public was born here at Medford Hillside, Massachusetts. Although we have contributed greatly to the technical side, our main work was first the conception of the idea of radio telephony being used by the American public and bringing it to a commercial simplified state. Many are the concerns who deserve credit for their share of the work in making radio broadcasting what it is today. As no industry can be of any use or grow except in proportion to the service it renders the peo-

ple, our early vision of the possibilities of radio broadcasting were basically sound because the very essence of radio is giving service.

"From a small beginning and crude instruments the technical side has advanced rapidly so that today it is no idle statement to say that the time is coming when radio will take the place of phonographs. This replacement will not come until broadcasting is developed so as to render even better service than exists today. The improvement will not be on the technical side, but rather from the point of view of the listener-in. When it is possible for the listener-in to get what he wants when he wants it there is no doubt that radio will be the only form of entertainment as well as instruction in the home.

"Another look into the future of radio is the possibility that you will have moving pictures available without the necessity of leaving your home. Already an inventor by the name of Mr. C. Francis Jenkins of Washington, D. C., has transmitted experimentally moving pictures by radio. There is no question but that a few years ahead moving pictures in the home will be just as common as the radio concerts of today. You will simply attach a new instrument to your present receiving set.

"There are several problems ahead of us. The most important from the listener-in standpoint is that of interference. A year ago there was tremendous interference between broadcast stations. This has now been practically eliminated due to the adoption of my staggered wavelength plan.

"There is the problem of spark station interference which is being carefully looked into by Secretary Hoover and the Department of Commerce and there is no question but this will be satisfactorily adjusted.

"There is a third source of interference which to my mind is the most serious of all and it rests with you listeners-in to tackle this interference and eliminate it. I refer to the interference caused by one listener-in with another when using a 'regenerative' receiver. You all know that when the type of receiver which is called 'regenerative' is allowed to squeal it is acting as a small transmitter and at that time interfering with your neighbor's proper reception. Now it is up to everybody to get after this form of interference and reduce it. It can be done very simply. If you will but properly operate your regenerative receiver no interference will be caused your neighbors or others listening in. Just a word as to the easiest way to avoid filling the air full of squeals with regenerative receivers. If you will first adjust your tickler dial to a low setting, use headphones for tuning in, because with your tickler loosely coupled the signals will be weak. After adjusting your tuning dials bring up the tickler adjustment until the music is sufficiently loud. Don't bring your tickler up suddenly to the point where the set will oscillate or squeal. To be sure, it is a little more work to tune your set this way rather than putting your tickler at a higher adjustment and then tuning in for a squeal and finally reducing your tickler until the squeal has disappeared and the music has come in. This latter method causes all sorts of trouble to all the other sensitive receiving sets within a half mile of your house. Pull together on this and spread the news around as to the proper way of handling regenerative sets to avoid this very serious source of interference. If you will do your part and I do my part and the other fellow does his part, the radio atmosphere will be cleared and everyone will enjoy radio to its fullest extent."



# The United States and World Peace

*A simple and easily understood plan for utilizing the existing machinery of government to bring about a better understanding among the nations of the world*

By CHARLES AVERY  
COLLIN

**T**HAT the United States should be at peace with the world must be our most fundamental contribution to world peace.

During the last one hundred and seventy-five years, we have been engaged in seven serious wars—our colonial participation in the Canadian branch of an Anglo-French war in the middle of the eighteenth century, our war of the Revolution, our War of 1812 with England, our Mexican War, our Civil War, our War with Spain, our participation in the great World War, to say nothing of various skirmishes with our aborigines, —representing with substantial regularity a new and serious war every thirty years. Nevertheless, in spite of this warlike record, and partly because of such a record, our country has been one of the most peaceful and prosperous, if not the most peaceful and prosperous in the world during this same period of one hundred and seventy-five years. The record is a reasonable guaranty that the United States will not be engaged in another war during the next twenty-five years.

Impetuous and unbalanced human nature in all civilized nations persists in repeating its experiences of war and peace along fundamentally similar lines through each successive period of thirty or forty years. Every great war is immediately followed by hatred and detestation of all war and by dreams of perpetual peace, which might come true if such a temperament could be perpetual. Boyish admiration of military heroism and military glory soon follows. Then come manly imaginings of the "joy of battle" in the romantic past which seems impossible of revival except in poetic imagination. With increasing over-confidence in perpetual peace, prudence is relaxed, statesmanship becomes unobservant of danger signals because war seems impossible and unthinkable,—then a slight spark explodes unguarded passions and war becomes the only possible solution of a controversy which should have been adjusted by prompt, wise, and constructive diplomacy on the part of all concerned.

Our financial leaders have discovered the fundamental cause of the similar cycles of business elevation and depression, which ran their course, with like regularity, during the greater part of the last century, as illustrated by the great panics of 1817, 1837, 1857, 1873, and 1893. With prudent foresight they have learned to apply the brakes to excessive inflation and to refrain from intensifying the evils of inevitable deflation, thereby reducing the frequency and mitigating, though not remedying, the irremediable evils of business depressions.

The analogy between financial and military cataclysms is obvious. Statesmen are more susceptible to the popular mood than are financiers, and although slower are equally sure to learn their similar lesson from their similar experiences.

A substantial basis, therefore, exists for the hope that for the next twenty-five years we, the

people of the United States, appreciating the value of our experience, will be able to make our most fundamental contribution to the peace of the world by keeping the peace among ourselves and with the rest of the world, without loss of honor, without lack of patriotism and without inhumanity toward any of our neighbor nations.

We have set a good example during the last sixty years by keeping the peace among ourselves and within our own borders, in the narrow sense

## EDITORIAL NOTE

In the February issue of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, announcement was made of the article on Conference of Ambassadors from the pen of Hon. Charles A. Collin of New York. The promise awakened widespread interest among our readers to know the details of the plan as worked out by Mr. Collin. The plan was so simple that it is easily understood in these days when intricate legal argument is involved in peace plans.

As a member of the Faculty of Cornell University Law School, Mr. Collin is remembered by many prominent lawyers in the country as a man who knows his law from the foundation and knows how to inspire others to think along sound and practical lines.

Charles Avery Collin was born in Benton, Yates County, New York. A few years after graduating from Yale he was a teacher in the Norwich, Connecticut Free Academy. Later he took up the practice of law in Elmira, New York. In 1895 he moved to New York where he has since been engaged in the active practice of his profession. For the last twenty years he has been senior member of Collin, Wells & Hughes, one of the leading law firms of that city. As special counsel to Governors Hill and Flower of New York and one of the commissioners of statutory revision of the State of New York he has left his impress upon the laws of the Empire State.

Service on the New York State Board of Statutory Consolidation, together with his wide and extensive experience in New York practice, has fitted him to work out a plan which many believe will simplify the vexatious international relations. The Bill before Congress consolidating the diplomatic and consular branches of foreign service is one of the vital points, because it shows the way to proceed to set our own house in order, before attempting to suggest plans for other nations to follow, and recognizes the Conference of Ambassadors as a natural and logical way for nations to agree with others. It is the function of ambassadors to preserve peace and cordial relations in the interest of their own country. Instead of eliminating ambassadors why not utilize the machinery of the government already provided.

The world is indeed fortunate to have the advantage of the broad experiences of constructors and thinkers, to point out and analyze what is needed to accomplish definite objectives in a logical, legal and inevitable evolution of cause and effect.

of the term peace, as distinguished from war; but not in the broader sense of the term peace as including the observance of law and order, which is the primary and prosaic everyday work of government, less fascinating than dreams of a world peace coming with the dawn of millennium.

We have set a still better example during the last forty years by keeping the peace with all our neighbor nations of the two American continents with constant improvement in all the friendly relations of commercial and social intercourse.

The Monroe Doctrine, which has as many different meanings as there are different persons who use the term, has tended to cultivate among all the independent nations of North and South America a sentiment of standing together against all outside aggressors. In the meantime, since the origin of the Monroe Doctrine, we have grown enough stronger in comparison to create a certain recognition of our standing in the relation of a "big brother," generally assisting and protecting, but occasionally bullying his small brothers.

The good work of the Pan-American organizations during the last forty years has been a splendid example of a peaceful League of Nations; the more useful because of not assuming super-governmental functions. Their contributions to the preservation of peace and to the expansion of peaceful intercourse between all the people of North and South America has been chiefly due to non-interference with international politics. The essential foundation has been the spirit of the address of our former Secretary of State (Elihu Root) in his personal rather than official capacity, at the third Pan-American Conference at Rio de Janeiro in 1906, the following passage of which by virtue of its sincere purity and profound depth of sentiment is worthy of being inscribed by the side of Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg:

"We wish for no victories but those of peace; for no territory except our own; for no sovereignty except the sovereignty over ourselves. We deem the independence and equal rights of the smallest and weakest member of the family of nations entitled to as much respect as those of the greatest empire, and we deem the observance of that respect the chief guaranty of the weak against the oppression of the strong, we neither claim nor desire any rights or privileges or powers that we do not freely concede to every American republic. We wish to increase our prosperity, to expand our trade, to grow in wealth, in wisdom and in spirit, but our conception of the true way to accomplish this is not to pull down others and profit by their ruin, but to help all friends to a common prosperity and a common growth that we may all become greater and stronger together."

When any powerful nation of Europe can produce a statesman of equal eminence and authority who can speak thus to a Pan-European conference without being suspected of insincerity, the peace of Europe will be established on a firm foundation; not so much because of the speech of such a statesman, as because of the possibility of its acceptance.

Our non-governmental contributions to the

peace and prosperity of the people of North and South America have supplemented the foundation and framework of governmental operations through regular official channels.

One of the finest specimens of our governmental contributions to peace and peaceful intercourse is the treaty of 1910 between the United States and Great Britain, finally negotiated by Secretary of State Elihu Root, and bearing his official signature in behalf of the United States, fixing the respective rights of the people and governments of the United States and Canada to the utilization of waters flowing along or across the boundary between the United States and Canada, at various places, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and providing for the arbitration of disputes relating thereto.

Everyone who appreciates the unlimited range of disputes and litigations over waterpower rights between upper and lower riparian owners and the owners of opposite banks of flowing streams, and who appreciates the still greater range for international controversies, will recognize the treaty of 1910 as one of the most valuable contributions ever made toward the preservation and encouragement of peaceful relations between neighboring nations.

Our ability to avoid war with another nation is radically different from our ability to prevent other nations from engaging in war with each other. The League of Nations has been presented as a solution of both problems.

The mild-mannered essay, which won the Bok prize, sufficiently demonstrates the obsolescence and permanent futility of the coercive provisions of Articles X and XVI of the League Covenants, thus justifying and confirming, as of the present date, the conclusion reached and expressed a number of years ago, by the distinguished chairman of the Jury of Award: "The idea of agreeing at this time to a formula, that the nations can forever after be united in preventing war by making war, seems practically to have been abandoned." The dead letter of the coercive provisions of the League Covenants will be buried in due season, and the covenants of the League will be otherwise modified with the wisdom which comes with experience, so that the United States may, if it shall so desire, become a member of the League consistently with the provisions of our Constitution relating to treaties and declarations of war with foreign nations. But whether the United States does or does not become a member of the League, there is no reasonable probability that the peace of the world will be either disturbed or preserved by the exercise of the coercive provisions of the League Covenants, either military or economic.

The influence of the League of Nations in preventing war must therefore rest on the moral force of its declarations as representing the combined judgment of other nations not involved in the controversy. Without attempting to exaggerate or minimize the preventive influence of such moral force, the question still remains: Can the United States contribute toward solving the problem of preventing wars between other nations in any other or more effective way than by co-operating with the League of Nations to increase the moral force of its declarations? The manner in which the latest serious threat of war was averted may be of assistance in the practical handling of an actual situation presenting the difficult problem which cannot be solved by any general rule method. The "Conference of Ambassadors at Paris" was finally the tribunal, whose decision was adopted in settlement of the late Greco-Italian controversy. This con-



**CHARLES AVERY COLLIN**, prominent New York lawyer, former instructor in Law at Cornell University, as special counsel to two governors of New York and a member of the New York State Board of Statutory Consolidation has an experience enabling him to outline a feasible plan for solving international relations

spicuously outstanding fact is pregnant with suggestion.

The most stable and permanent system of authoritative communications between sovereign nations has been the system of duly accredited officials, with varying titles, who may be comprehensively designated ambassadors, constituting the diplomatic service. In comparatively modern times, due principally to the development of international commerce, the diplomatic service has been supplemented by the consular service. Long established political systems, especially those requiring international concurrence, are inevitably conservative, and not easily readjusted or expanded to meet changed conditions. Exceptional significance, therefore, attaches to the fact of a conference of ambassadors quietly and efficiently functioning as arbitrators of a serious international controversy—an apparently novel spectacle, but, in reality, the latest of many similar contributions to the peace of the world by regularly constituted officials of the diplomatic service.

Especially significant also, though less vital to the settlement, was the advisory co-operation of the Council of the League of Nations at Geneva with the Conference of Ambassadors at Paris, in adjusting the terms of the Greco-Italian settlement, under circumstances demonstrating that such co-operation is practicable and may hereafter be of value in contributing to the wisdom and impressiveness of similar decisions which, in like manner, may be advisory in form, but irresistible in effect.

After the close of the war and the final adjournment of the Peace Conference, its "Supreme Council" continued for a time to exercise general

supervision over the execution of the Peace Treaty. But in 1920 it had become so manifestly impossible for the Supreme Council to remain permanently in session that its power to execute the treaties was handed over to a tribunal composed of entente ambassadors at Paris, with the French Foreign Minister as president. This tribunal sometimes is referred to as the Conference of Ambassadors, and of late more frequently as the Council of Ambassadors at Paris, and has been without organic or direct official connection with the League of Nations. The American Ambassador or a representative of the American Embassy at Paris has usually attended the meetings of the Conference as an unofficial observer.

In 1913 a "Conference of Ambassadors of the Powers at London" had established Albania as a sovereign nation, but the definite location of its boundaries on the ground was delayed by the outbreak of the great war. After the close of the war Albania petitioned the Conference of Ambassadors at Paris to complete the location of its boundaries; accordingly, a Boundary Commission appointed by the Conference proceeded to locate, on the ground, the boundary line between Albania and Greece.

On August 27, 1923, the Italian members of the Boundary Commission were shot and killed on Greek soil, a few miles from the Albanian frontier. Two days afterward (August 29) the Italian ultimatum was delivered to Greece; and the reply of Greece thereto was received by Italy on the next day (August 30). On the same day (August 30) the Conference of Ambassadors at Paris met, and proceeded to investigate the circumstances of the murder of the Italian members of the Boundary Commission. On the same day (August 30) Italy ordered a seizure of Corfu. On the next day (August 31) the Italians fired on Corfu. On the following day (September 1) the Greek Government appealed to the Council of the League of Nations, which was then in session at Geneva. Albania, Greece and Italy were then members of the League of Nations. The Conference of Ambassadors at Paris and the Council of the League of Nations at Geneva conducted their investigations independently until September 6, when the Council of the League reported its conclusions to the Conference of Ambassadors, which with some slight changes were adopted by the Conference of Ambassadors. On September 14 the decision of the Conference of Ambassadors was delivered to the Greek and Italian Governments. In accordance with such decision the pecuniary penalty of fifty million Italian lire was paid on September 27 by Greece to Italy, and the same day the Italian forces evacuated Corfu. Thus the incident was closed, within the brief period of thirty-one days after the occurrence of the original offence.

The moral force of the report of the Council of the League may have contributed to the immediate acceptance of the final decision of the Conference of Ambassadors. The Assembly of the League of Nations also discussed the Greco-Italian controversy, but without definite advice as to the terms of settlement. The three bodies, the Assembly of the League, the Council of the League, and the Conference of Ambassadors all acted in cordial co-operation as well they might for good and substantial reasons, as well as for the controlling reason that all three bodies were in fact dominated by the representatives of three leading nations, in much the same manner that the Peace Conference at Versailles was dominated by the "Big Four" as told by Secretary Lansing, and as every company of men or other animals



has its natural and actual leaders even though others may be formally chosen.

The circumstances out of which the Greco-Italian controversy arose were closely analogous to the sinking of the *Maine* in Spanish waters which provoked our war with Spain; and to the arrest of some members of the crew of one of our naval vessels at Vera Cruz in Mexico, which provoked our bombardment of that city with a destruction of the lives of innocent persons, during the first administration of President Wilson; and was also closely analogous to the assassination of the Crown Prince of Austro-Hungary at Serajevo, which was made an excuse for the commencement of the great World War. In no one of those controversies was there any substantial charge, or substantial ground for charging complicity or lack of ordinary police protection on the part of the government of the nation within whose territory the offense was committed.

The homicidal lunatic loves a shining mark. If President McKinley had been shot by the insane fanatic on the opposite bank of the Niagara River, it would have taken a long time to restore a popular sentiment of international amity between the people of the United States and the people of Canada.

The fact must be recognized that an offence within the jurisdiction of one nation which may appear to be an "insult to the flag" of another nation, inevitably produces explosions of dynamic passions demanding that something be done at once to avenge the insult, and the "something" demanded will be war, unless popular attention is promptly diverted to a satisfactory alternative. In such emergencies the demand for apology and reparation is immediate and peremptory. The nature and form of the reply involves an investigation of the facts by both parties to the controversy, in the course of which suspicions of each party against the other become positive convictions, exaggerated rumors and loose gossip become conclusive evidence, and the farther the investigation proceeds, the more widely divergent become their beliefs as to the truth of the case.

The only substitute for war which has ever been suggested in such emergencies is a reference of the controversy to an impartial tribunal. The necessity of immediate action involves the existence of a standing tribunal which can be promptly assembled. The diplomatic representatives at any neutral capital are qualified experts always available for the arbitration of such controversies, competent to advise such immediate action or inaction as may be necessary, with the added force of expressing the combined judgments of their respective governments.

The terms of settlement of the Greco-Italian controversy have been criticised as having been made hastily without sufficient investigation of the facts, and as possibly unjust by reason of the penalty imposed on Greece as either excessive or insufficient. The answer to such criticism is, that prompt decision was more important than exact justice or precisely accurate knowledge of the facts, but in such a case the decision might well be provisional and subject to review after a careful investigation of the facts with full opportunity for both parties to be heard at length. In the case of the Greco-Italian controversy there was already in existence a tribunal, the Permanent Court of International Justice, exceptionally well fitted for such a review. The necessarily prompt decision of the Conference of Ambassadors might well have provided for such a review, with provision for the deposit of the penalty imposed on Greece and for the payment increase,

diminution, or entire return thereof as the court on review should finally determine.

Jurisdiction to act as such a court of review may be one of the most important functions of the Permanent Court of International Justice. The organization of the court is and should be inconsistent with hasty action. Its decisions should be the result of careful investigation and due deliberation. If the Permanent Court of International Justice had been given such final jurisdiction of the Greco-Italian controversy, its decision would have been as self-enforcing as was the prompt decision of the Conference of Ambassadors,—which illustrates the possibility of self-enforcement of decisions of the Permanent Court of International Justice without the necessity of coercive powers by supergovernmental officials or soldiers. But as a general proposition that court will constitute a standing body of arbitrators for the decision of controversies submitted to it by the consent of all parties to the controversy. Any provisions for compulsory arbitration will be as futile and warlike and as subject to obsolescence as the coercive provisions of Articles X and XVI of the League Covenant.

If at the time of the sinking of the *Maine* the precedent of such a tribunal as the Conference of Ambassadors had been established and the reference of such controversies to such a tribunal had become habitual, the termination of our controversy with Spain would have been as prompt and as satisfactory as the termination of the late Greco-Italian controversy. The action of the conference in settlement of the Greco-Italian controversy constitutes a precedent which will naturally be followed in similar emergencies hereafter.

It is easy to exaggerate and easy to underestimate the influence of industrial and commercial competitions and rivalries in provoking the great war of four years' duration, and in postponing the restoration of peace and prosperity for the last five years, and for how many years more no one as yet can tell.

There may be exaggeration in the statement of a distinguished writer: "We hesitate to set up international equality of trade privilege among the subordinated populations of the world, while well knowing that the shameful prize of 'closed markets' means war."

But there is no exaggeration in the more fundamental statement of one of our greatest statesmen, John Hay: "Next in importance to the independence of sovereign nations is the great fact of their interdependence."

Commerce between highly civilized nations in times of peace increases their interdependence to an extent never recognized until international markets are disturbed by wars which may have been provoked in part by the abnormal competitions and rivalries of peaceful commerce. Normal commerce between nations is an essential condition of their peace and prosperity, but requires constant and unrelenting effort to maintain an approximation to the normal balance between the opposing forces of competition and co-operation, in accordance with the universal rule that harmony in the activities of each individual, of each family, of each community, of each nation, of nations with each other, and of the entire universe of whirling worlds, is dependent on the normal balance of centrifugal and centripetal forces—the personal adjustment of the individual to the Universal. The elimination of all the centrifugal, anti-social, egoistic forces would be as impossible and as disastrous as the elimination of all the centripetal, social, altruistic forces.

In these modern times the Ambassador's sense

of responsibility for the preservation of peaceful, just and fair trade relations should be as profound and delicate as his sense of responsibility for the preservation of peaceful and honorable political relations. Such an actual responsibility necessarily implies the consolidation of the diplomatic and consular branches into a single systematic, carefully adjusted organization with the Ambassador at the head, with a certain degree of responsibility for the efficiency, tact, fairness and general good sense of every member of the organization. Such an actual responsibility necessarily implies authorization to recommend promotions, demotions, and transfers generally, even to the extent of recommending appointments and removals, all of course subject to reasonably elastic civil service rules and to final decision by the appropriate executive department at Washington.

Conferences of Ambassadors to adjust international differences were held in Europe before the Great War, not as the result of a deliberately established system, with well defined jurisdiction, but as a natural outgrowth to meet situations as they arose from time to time. Thus it will be noted that the Conference of Ambassadors at London which originally established Albania as a sovereign nation and set out to establish the boundary between Albania and Greece, seems to have been assembled temporarily for that specific purpose in 1913.

Such a radical enlargement of the functions of the diplomatic service suggests the desirability of increasing their strength and influence by the consolidation of the diplomatic and consular branches of our foreign service.

If our diplomatic and consular service in each foreign country should be thus consolidated, the official head of each such organization would be able to keep in close touch with all commercial and political activities, and with the entire life of the country to which he is accredited, his judgment would rest on a broader basis, and his power and influence would be greatly increased. Such a consolidation would mean the application of the combined ability of both branches of the foreign service to the solution of every international problem.

The bill known as the Rogers bill, which passed the House of Representatives at its last session, and has been re-introduced and is now pending, entitled "An Act for the Improvement of the Foreign Service," is a step toward a consolidation of the diplomatic and consular branches of our foreign service, together with other important provisions all tending to increase the dignity and influence of our official representatives in foreign countries.

A complete consolidation would contribute to a greater efficiency in the traditional lines of their service, and better adaptation to the performance of the additional function of participation in conferences as advisors, arbitrators and adjusters of international controversies.

Additional legislation is not necessary for the purpose of authorizing and encouraging conferences of our diplomatic representatives with each other and with those of foreign countries; such conferences, formal and informal, are the natural outgrowth of the abolition of time and distance in world intercourse, with an amazing increase of such intercourse. At such conferences disputes may be adjusted before they have hardened into obstinate controversies. It seems a reasonable possibility that such conferences might be the means of the most effective contribution that this country and other countries could make toward preserving the peace of the world, without new



# The Genie of the Syndicate

*John N. "Syndicate" Wheeler provides for you every day in the year a feast of reason and a fund of humor, to entertain you, to instruct, and to amuse*

**Y**OU sit back in your comfortable chair in the evening, with your feet in front of the fireplace, reclining in that soft morris-chair, take up the evening newspaper and glance through. If you are like most readers, your eye pauses at certain features, for instance, George Ade's "Fables in Slang," and you have noticed at the end of each "Fable" a little unobtrusive line, "Copyright, Bell Syndicate." You have wondered—what is the meaning and who is the "Bell Syndicate."

The answer is John N. "Syndicate" Wheeler.

In New York, down around Park Row where most of the New York newspapers have had their birth, the word that travels among the newspapermen is that John Wheeler is the liveliest wire in the business. When you hear the word "Syndicate" in this application it means that an enterprising individual has observed the public is interested in a certain subject or some celebrity and that he has reached an agreement with the personality concerned whereby he will write stories, articles, fiction, novels, or draw cartoons, as the case may be, and that this individual or organization will represent him in dealing with not one, but numbers of newspapers throughout the country. To use an analogy, the writer manufactures the product, the syndicate wholesales to the newspapers, who are the retailers, and, in turn, we have the reader as the ultimate consumer. Such a far-seeing individual is Mr. "Syndicate" Wheeler.

John Wheeler is a great friend of the tired business man, and the tired business woman as well, for he believes in supplying all of the reading public with humor. He believes they want to be entertained and amused, rather than to be instructed. At any rate, he finds that there is a greater demand for the output of the humorists than the other writers.

**G**EORGE ADE is America's greatest humorist writer, so when John Wheeler completed his business arrangements with George Ade he had secured the most universally desired of funny men. Not content with this achievement, he added Ring Lardner, whose "Busher's Letters Home" in the *Saturday Evening Post* brought him more wide-spread fame and popularity perhaps than any of the recent humorists. Then, too, he has added Wallace Irwin, whose famous letters of the Japanese schoolboy, "Togo," have been among the notable contributions to humor during the past year.

In connection with George Ade, it is interesting to note that when he sends his "Fables in Slang" to Mr. Wheeler, on each piece of the copy he appends this note,

"OK for release. Observe capitals and paragraphs." G. A."

Actuated by somewhat different motives, Messrs. Lardner and Irwin have their little postscript, which reads,

"Not to be corrected. Follow copy."



**JOHN N. WHEELER**, a shy and shrinking violet in the field of literary exploitation, author of the prose poem "Copyright by the Bell System," and literary representative of most of the well-known authors and humorists of the country, is about to become the editor of a new weekly magazine

Both use the customary newspaper copy paper and the typing is done by themselves. Incidentally, how would you like to be proof-reader for Wallace Irwin's "Hashimura Togo's Japanese Boy Letters," with his weird spelling. In the case of Montague Glass, aside from the few Yiddish words that he may have slipped into his story, the copy comes in in nearly perfect form.

Then there is Bud Fisher and his world-famous "Mutt and Jeff." They say that the sun never sets upon those boys, for they follow them in England, Ireland, Scotland, Cuba, Porto Rico, Mexico, Canada, Spain, Sweden, Denmark, France, Italy, and even Japan. The universal appeal of Bud Fisher's humor makes him the highest paid man in his line of work, though "Mutt and Jeff" has been translated into motion pictures, which accounts for some of his earnings. His income is said to be \$250,000 a year.

Now for a word about the journalistic career of John N. Wheeler, whose brilliant achieve-

ments, such as have been mentioned, in the newspaper syndicate field in the past decade have been a sensation in that branch of journalism.

He is a graduate of Columbia University, Class of 1908. While he was at college, he was a correspondent for the New York *Herald*, which experience left him with the firm conviction that real progress and real money in the newspaper business required a broader field than reporting, though he did stay with the *Herald* from the time he left college until 1912, writing sports, which perhaps is the reason for his going into the syndicate business. It was here that he conceived the idea which landed him in the enviable position he holds today in newspaperdom.

He arranged with Christy Mathewson, who was then in the heyday of his career, to write baseball articles for the newspapers, himself to take care of the selling and distributing end of the business. As these articles were written, he made carbon copies on the typewriter and mailed them to the newspapers which had subscribed for the series. The managing editors liked these stories of Christy Mathewson's, so John Wheeler began to branch out. John McGraw, Ty Cobb, and other baseball celebrities were soon writing for John Wheeler.

He was such an immediate success in this line of work that he was obliged to organize an office force. The organization of the office force occasioned the organization of the "Wheeler Syndicate." It may be borne in mind that Wheeler at this time was twenty-six years of age. In 1916 he sold out the Wheeler Syndicate and soon afterwards organized the Bell Syndicate, of which he is now president and director. Though his activities were suspended shortly after the entry of America into the world war, when he entered the service and served as Munitions officer with the 78th Division during its campaigns in France, upon his return he energetically set about building up his organization and it steadily grew in size and importance until today it stands as the most reputable and reliable organization of its kind.

**R**ETICENCE and backwardness have not been among the qualities of John N. Wheeler. It was he who induced Colonel Roosevelt to write for newspapers for the first time, when the European War broke out, on the meaning of the conflict to the people of the United States. He also at this time sent Richard Harding Davis to Europe, who sent back those colorful stories of the German armies' invasion of Belgium and France. Then there was Captain Koenig of the history-making submarine, *Deutschland*, who offered to take Wheeler back to Germany as the American newspaper representative on the return voyage. He did syndicate to the newspapers the story of the *Deutschland's* voyage across, but the change in the *Deutschland's* plans prevented his covering the return voyage.

It was his idea for broadcasting the humor of

*Continued on page 426*

# Face to Face with Celebrities

*Flashlight glimpses of those outstanding personalities in business, politics, literature, science, art, music and the drama who serve as milestones in human progress to mark the advancement of the world*

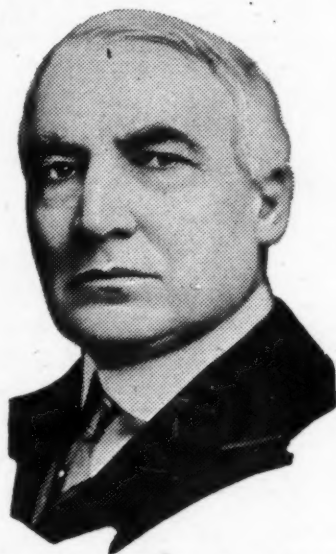
ONLY a marker for my grave," were the words of President Warren Harding in his will, but we, the people, have decreed otherwise.

We have now assured the plans, with the co-operation of twenty million school children, for completing a fitting memorial to Warren Harding that ranks with that of Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, McKinley and Roosevelt, for he, too, was great.

"Harding is the man" were the words that swept over the great throng and among the delegates at the Chicago Convention in 1920 as the roll call proceeded on the tenth ballot. They remembered Frank Willis' good-natured "Boys and — girls" nominating speech in the deadlock between Lowden and Wood.

When the magic total of 464 votes was reached, friendly cheers echoed "Harding is the man."

The calmest man in the group receiving the news at the hotel was Warren Harding. Reporters were asking for biographic material. He called me aside and said:



**WARREN G. HARDING** said: "I suppose I should have a biography. Go down to Marion and see the home folks." "You know me well enough to know I am of the plain folks."

"I suppose I should have a biography. You go to Marion and see the home folks. You won't find much, but get the facts. You know me well enough to know I am just one of the plain folks."

Passing a news stand, a man, evidently disappointed, remarked, "Who in the hell is Harding?"

This explosive remark staggered me and I felt resentment—but there came the realization that others were asking this same question. Warren Harding was the type of a true American who comes up from the country town. He was unknown and knew that he was unknown. That

man at the news stand had unwittingly suggested the title for my biography—"Warren Harding—The Man from Main Street."

We can only express our sentiment to his memory by adding to that "marker," but we cannot hope to erect in marble or bronze anything more than a shadow to that great monument of "Friendship," which he himself has built in the hearts of the people.

In Marion as a young man Harding had a worthy friend—Henry Stowe. He was a plumber. Misfortunes overtook him, for he went blind. Harding helped him in his dark days. Later Henry Stowe received a letter from the White House and his appointment as Postmaster at the Elks Home, Bedford, Va.

His friendships were expressed in acts. In selecting a Cabinet he called with a beckon of friendliness rather than a mandate, including Charles E. Hughes, Andrew W. Mellon, John W. Weeks, Herbert Hoover, his personal friend, Harry M. Daugherty; James Davis, the erstwhile iron puddler; Henry Wallace, the farmer editor; Will H. Hays, the campaign wizard, some of whom had even been rival presidential candidates. Then there was former President William Howard Taft, whom he made Chief Justice; and to Leonard Wood he entrusted the guidance of our greatest insular possession. What a circle of eminence cemented by friendliness as well as admiration!

Memories of Warren Harding's porch campaign and the days at the White House are associated with children for they, too, were his friends. In far-off Alaska during his last days he continued to mingle with the children.

"What's your name? Constance? Oh! that's a pretty name." To a boy—"Donald? That's a good name." He made everyone feel the honor of their own name and individuality.

His name stands for the harmony of humanity—the small and the great, the poor and the needy, the old and the young. All felt through him the enduring power of understanding and friendliness.

△

## Woodrow Wilson Takes His Place Among Great Characters of History

Woodrow Wilson has taken his place along with the great in history. During his administration as President of the United States, came the most devastating war of all time. The depths of humanity were stirred. In the old world the foundations of civilization were rocked and in this great era Woodrow Wilson personified America and completely filled the world's eye—literally the foremost man of his day. At this cross-road in the the chronology of events he was the first to call to the nations of the earth to lay aside their race animosities and co-operate—to meet at the same table and settle differences. He both succeeded and failed. The world was not ready, but his imprint is on the

sands of time. Woodrow Wilson, idealist, has raised the standard which will be "carried on!" His name shall be honored by future generations as the leader who made the supreme effort to do



**WOODROW WILSON'S** "I am ready" was the final expression of his dominant thought through life—a readiness to meet every emergency.

away with war. He passed on, in line of battle—a casual—and by soldiers and sailors, non-commissioned, he was laid to rest—in all the superb simplicity of his ideals.

A printed proof, corrected in his own handwriting was the first message I ever received from Woodrow Wilson. It was during the days when he was first mentioned as a Presidential possibility by George Harvey in a speech at the Lotus Club in New York. I had written about it and sent him a proof which he returned with the corrections carefully made in ink. With it was a note signed in that fine Spencerian handwriting. His career was then in the making. Scholarly, forceful, and earnest, he won many followers. When he spoke in Philadelphia with Senator LaFollette at one end of the banquet table and he at the other, there was an exchange of bantering between the two, no one seriously thinking at that time that Woodrow Wilson would be a world-war President.

In Atlanta, Georgia, Thomas Woodrow Wilson began his law practice, although born in Staunton, Virginia in 1859, of Scotch-Irish ancestry and the son of a Presbyterian Minister. His later plans indicate that all of his experience was concentrated toward the ultimate goal of public career. Woodrow Wilson's schoolmaster is well merited for his pupil taught at Bryn Mawr, afterwards going to Princeton where he conducted classes in jurisprudence and politics, and first attracted national attention as an author and historian. He became President of Princeton University twelve years after his graduation.

As Governor of New Jersey he quickly adapted



himself to executive responsibility knowing as few other men did the details of every phase of government and history.

Lincoln's problems were Wilson's problems, but the people expressed confidence in him without reservation. He held a greater power than any other single man in the world. In his speeches and addresses he met the demand and continued on his way, modest but firm, in his dreams and purposes.

I saw him in Paris showered with the adulation of France and the world at his feet while he insisted on his fourteen points and the "League of Nations." Then came the struggle and dissolution. The same old games were being played in Europe—by the clutching fingers of the hand of conquest.

The last time I saw Woodrow Wilson face to face was at the White House where he was waiting to join the funeral procession of Warren Harding.

He revived the custom of carrying a presidential message to the halls of Congress—and his voice was heard by the people from New York to Seattle. On the return from his western trip he was stricken. From that day his great influence has been felt by silence. Then the death stroke on February 3rd, 1924, which he met fearless and unafraid. His sword had been broken but his spirit went marching on. His place in history is secure. With his leaving his last words were—"I am ready."

△

#### Irvin Cobb, Reporter deLuxe and Humorist Extraordinary

"My saddest moments are when trying to write a funny story," said Irvin Cobb, with a characteristic droop of the eye, as he stamped the letters on his desk by putting them on the wet nose of his dog.



IRVIN COBB said: "Judge Priest is my favorite character." "It's sad business writing a funny story."

"It's a dog-gone good thing that this dog is here, because my tongue has long ago gone dry," continued one of the most popular writing-men and short-story authors in the country.

As we were rushing down the subway, he shouted: "My great ambition is to write a real novel, as big as a dictionary and as thrilling as the Nick Carter series I used to read in school behind the big geography."

In "Rebel Ridge," located on the classic Hudson, he achieved a triumph in home-building, with plans and specifications fully known to his readers, to whom he confided his troubles, but now he was en route to a haunt in the city of New York, amid blank, brick walls and skyscrapers, where he admits he can write and has done his best work.

"One thing I have regretted: I should have come to New York earlier. It is one place where you seem to get your real measure quick in contact with a world market for literary work as well as pumpkins and potatoes."

Many agree that there is no more beloved character in periodical fiction than Irvin Cobb's "Judge Priest," who stands out like a character of Dickens—human and distinctive. It is one of the known names in modern fiction. Irvin Cobb's millions of reader-friends are hoping that Judge Priest will have a place in his first novel.

"Speaking of that novel, I find Judge Priest, my old favorite, knocking constantly at the door. A composite of a circuit judge I knew in Paducah, Judge Bishop, a little of my father and a little of other characters in old Kentucky. All just seem to naturally blend in my friend, Judge Priest, who is ever with me."

Irvin Cobb has been called the homeliest and best-loved author listed on the contents pages of the magazines, but his rivals insist the first distinction is unfair, because he is a professional homely man. He is described as light roan in color, shaggy mane, with big, blue eyes, generous lips and a form of circular caste, hilly in parts. His picture on Fifth Avenue, at a photo studio, attracts more attention than a prize beauty. He has had his fling as a playwright, but still glows in the honor given him at the Lambs' Club as a star reporter of this day.

While reporting the National Convention at San Francisco he received one-and-three-fourths votes for President of the United States, which gave him and William Jennings Bryan the same total on the ballot. Had it been possible he would have blushed—but he can only bow at the angles of five past twelve. When asked by the delegates, "Where from?" California claimed him, New York owned him, but Paducah, Kentucky, retorted: "He is our own Colonel from Kentucky, sah," and Colonel Cobb it is to this day.

△

#### Charles G. Dawes Goes to Europe to Serve on Reparations Committee

"Hell and Maria—that's another thankless job—but I am ready when I hear the command."

As the right-hand man of General Pershing during the war, familiar with conditions before and after the Armistice, General Charles G. Dawes is regarded as the right man on the American Reparations Commission. Europe will not have to stutter in translating the words "Hell and Maria" and what they mean in the language of Napoleon's message of "Action! Action, by God, Action!" That is what is needed. General Dawes speaks a language that is understood.

At this time General Dawes was sitting at the Chicago Club window, smoking his black pipe, and watching the Michigan Avenue throngs surge by. As he looked far out on the waters of Lake Michigan he was doubtless thinking of those dark days in France in 1917.

Early in 1918 I saw him at Hotel Mediterranean in Paris eating from tin plates. He had dodged a "Big Bertha" bomb that day. He was then scouring Europe for supplies to keep the American Expeditionary Forces going. His

genius as a business man, serving as General Purchasing Agent, counted in getting the boys to the front. Mules from Spain, logs from Norway, food from home, guns from France and airplanes from England—Dawes was the star-getter of the war times. Putting on a gas mask, he went to the front, to check up and see what the doughboys needed. Night and day he proved worthy of his ancestor, who rode to Lexington



CHARLES G. DAWES said: "That's another thankless job—but I am ready."

with Paul Revere, and his father, General Rufus Dawes, who was cited for bravery at Gettysburg.

General Dawes did the job, and when he returned he kept right on doing it. He fought for the budget plan, and as director of the first National budget he saved the country nearly two billions.

Shaking up the profiteers, private and official, battling in the days of deflation, at the hearings, this kindly, big-hearted, soft-spoken Comptroller of McKinley's time became a roaring lion at the investigations, and will now go down in history as "Hell and Maria Dawes." Harding called him to the budget job. When he finished he went back to his own business in Chicago. Without a day's notice he closed his desk and enlisted as a volunteer when the United States declared war, and kept right in the ranks until the finish.

Born in Marietta, Ohio, he divides his love of state societies with that of his native state and Illinois. He knows the Middle West and started life as a lawyer in Lincoln—W. J. Bryan's home.

Of all the honors and decorations that have come to him, the one that General Dawes values most is "Citizen of Chicago." When Lloyd George, Foch, or any distinguished visitor arrives in Chicago, General Dawes is the host. He is acquainted with the people and affairs of the world and has come through the hard knocks of experience to fear no job assigned him as impossible.

Last year he organized the "Minute Men of the Constitution," carrying on the spirit of that Dawes who rode with Paul Revere to give the alarm at Lexington. There is real American fighting blood in General Dawes, and "Reparation" will not be an idle word when he is finished, for "the way to repair is to repara," paraphrasing the classic utterance of John Sherman in reference to the resumption of specie payment: "The way to resume is to resume." Educated as an engineer, a practising lawyer, a master of modern business and industrial development, a military



man, he knows materials and human relations in all their frailties and all the power of friendly faith.

Give him his pipe, let him start on Reparations. There will be results—and peace—if not—"Hell and Maria" will let loose.

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### James Whitcomb Riley, the Well-loved Poet of the Human Emotions

"Never write above here," said James Whitcomb Riley and he placed his hand on his heart. "There are few who will read what you write far up here"—pointing to his head, "the heart is the common denominator."

Then in the height of his fame he showed me some proofs of "That Old Sweetheart of Mine." "I have revised the verse over and over. Never grow tired of the new proofs." There was a look in his blue eyes at that time that mirrored the scenes with that real "sweetheart of mine."

In answer to the query as to how he had become a poet, he said:

"The situation confronted me—am I to be a poet and suffer for it, or just a newspaper man or writer and be paid for it?" There were letters from an old sweetheart that threw a light upon this decision. She urged him to be true to the Muse because she believed in his genius.

"The thrill of my life was when I had that letter from Longfellow, commending my verse. Longfellow was my dream, my idol. To think that the author of 'Evangeline' and the 'Psalm of Life,' then in the height of his fame, should recognize my vagrant verse was a real joy."

He turned and looked into the fireplace, for this was at old Lockerbie Street. His right arm was then paralyzed, but his eyes gleamed bright with the glow of reminiscence.



**JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY** said: "I never grew tired of that old sweetheart of mine." "Never was forty-six—never was more than twenty-six until this came."

"How did you feel when you were forty-six?"

"I was never forty-six—never more than twenty-six until this came a few years ago. I lived my life over again at twenty-six. Memories of boyhood stand out with the depth of a stereopticon view. Incidents of my childhood are an unfailing source of inspiration. In the moments of lonesomeness, what a joy just living over the old days, Christmas times.

"And children, God bless them! They just lived with me—it seemed that I was a man with

a large family. The wonderment in their faces and the sparkle in the eye when I told them stories were the greatest honors any audience ever bestowed upon me."

"Did you have difficulty at first with the dialect?" I asked.

"Just like writing music, as I remembered the way the old folks talked."

His hair was then sparse a'top. What remained was parted in the middle. It still retained a tinge of the red of youth. He spoke with a suggestion of the drawl of the Hoosier dialect. His favorite poem contributed for the "Heart Throb" book was "I Had My Violin and She Had Her Song."

There is a treasure in my "Attic" library, a Riley book which he autographed "affectionately and gratefully." The lines were written with an indelible lead pencil with his left hand, after hours of laborious effort. Those lines, written in the last days of his life, shine out like letters of gold. Hear his voice repeating the lines, "Take Care of Yourself, Jim," for they were the last words he heard when he left old Lockerbie Street for the last time.

Δ

### Fridtjof Nansen, Arctic Explorer, Statesman and Philanthropist

"The plan for the *Shenandoah's* flight to the North Pole is, by all means, the most practicable for a Polar expedition. This flight will determine, even without a landing, whether the unknown territory is land or sea." So spoke Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, statesman, Arctic explorer, philanthropist, winner of the 1922 Nobel prize, ex-minister of Norway to Great Britain and High Commissioner to the League of Nations.

He speaks not in idle comment, but as one who knows. He has been "somewhere near the North Pole," being the first of the modern explorers to go into that vast frozen North and return. Many went before him and did not return. His contribution has added greatly to the boundaries of human knowledge, both scientific and geographic.

Continuing, Dr. Nansen said: "The reason the United States Navy survey with its mammoth type Zeppelin will be successful, is that the lighter-than-air type of ship is best adapted for Polar exploration. The various plans to reach the pole by airplanes have been impracticable owing to the difficulty of landing on the rough terrain. The twenty-four-hour daylight in the north and the radio in touch with the world, are two factors which will add much to safety and success of the expedition of the *Shenandoah*."

Dr. Nansen is a man among men, both physically and mentally. Commanding in figure, towering six feet six inches in height, but only two hundred pounds in weight, he looks down upon you with those bright, scintillating blue eyes, which were the first to look "farthest north," twenty-seven years ago. His is a kindly face, with high forehead and a strong jaw. He has a genial countenance, radiating a great sympathy and understanding. He is intensely serious. Rugged honesty and shrewd common sense characterize his personality.

Upon his arrival in America recently, he found so many invitations and receptions of various kinds staring him in the face that he thought it only proper that the customary American silk "topper" should be added to his wardrobe. His secretary went from one to another of the smart Fifth Avenue shops. Great consternation prevailed in haberdashery circles on this day. His size could not be found—it was 7 5-8.

As a Norwegian lad of twenty-eight years, Nansen completed a trip across Greenland on skis, which was not only a feat of sportsmanship and endurance, but at that time was a great gain for science and opened up a new frontier for his own country. The exploit which gained international fame for Nansen was his expedition for



**FRIDTJOF NANSEN** said: "The flight of the *Shenandoah* will be successful." "If the League is dead, it's a lively corpse."

the North Pole, starting in 1893. Then, while yet a young man, he had formed a theory that there was a warm current sweeping across the basin, so that a ship could drive with the ice across the pole, and it was on this hypothesis that he staked his life. He built and manned his good ship *Fram* and demonstrated that his theory was right. However, he was unable to get as far north as he had hoped. Abandoning his ship, with one companion, he continued on over the ice with dog sleds, reaching a latitude farther north than anyone had yet gone.

Three years later when he returned, Nansen was acclaimed as no other Norwegian had been either before or since.

"In Greece and Germany we have the two danger spots in the world," and "about the League of Nations," continued Dr. Nansen, "I have been told on numerous occasions since arriving in your country, that it is dead. All I can say is, that if this is so, it is a lively corpse."

Fridtjof Nansen is truly a citizen of the world—still silk-hatless, however.

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### Mrs. Thomas B. Winters, the Leader of 600,000 American Clubwomen

"Women are still the mothers—and the home remains the fortress of American family life. Motion pictures, questionable books, plays—anything that imperils the purity and sweetness of home life is counted women's enemy, to be fought without compromise."

Mrs. Thomas B. Winters was speaking her mind in a personal way, reflective of the force and vigor of leadership. Her battles on the revival of Fatty Arbuckle's pictures made the real power of Women's Clubs felt.

"Many women tire of being constantly reminded that this or that is prepared for women readers. They are weary of having literary and educational business directions exclusively lauded in a way that may seem courteous, but is far from mind. Women are not asking for

pre-digested privileges when it comes to business matters of civic responsibilities. Women remain a factor in the home and the supreme thing with them is the welfare of the family."

These words were expressed by Mrs. Thomas B. Winters, the President General of the Federation of Women's Clubs, at the White House, soon after another prediction had been made that within forty years there would be a woman President of the United States.

Mrs. Winters had called on President Coolidge that day in reference to the moonlight schools movement, night schools in the country districts, in which her organization is interested in correcting the startling revelations of illiteracy brought out in enlisting men for the war.

Since assuming the direction of the work of the federation, Mrs. Winters has conducted many vigorous campaigns. An ardent champion of the home spirit, she has the conviction that a woman should not relax activities in her own home sphere because now required to assume more responsibilities in the political or business world. Why should a woman yield one jot or tittle of her womanhood and her inherent home responsibilities to bring citizenship closer to the home? She can read and think.



**MRS. THOMAS B. WINTERS** said: "Questionable motion pictures, books, or plays are enemies of women." "The home is central idea of human associations."

For many years Dr. Ames of Boston championed these ideals from his pulpit. He early trained his daughters to express his thoughts on the platform. A forceful and vigorous speaker of commanding presence—an executive who executes and plans to successful conclusions, Mrs. Winters, as the titular head of 600,000 women of America in the Federation of Women's Clubs, feels a responsibility, together with the executives of other similar organizations, in holding the Ship of State fast to the old, reliable moorings of "God, Home and Country."

Mrs. Winters lives in Minneapolis, but keeps in close touch with the headquarters at Washington and various state organizations in encouraging constructive work among women's clubs.

"The satisfaction that comes in helping yourself to help others is a supreme objective. The home still remains the central idea in true hospitality and human associations," said Mrs. Winters as she left with the feeling that President Coolidge was duly and truly enlisted in the home crusade.

### Amelita Galli-Curci Thinks "The Swanee River" is the Soul of Music

For many years it has been lurking in the minds of many critics that Galli-Curci is the greatest living singer—now they know it. The people so decreed in the ovation at Chicago.

Her voice first touched the hearts of America in 1916. Recently her appearance in "Dinorah," at the Auditorium, brought fifteen curtain calls, and a reception that has not been given any prima donna since Adelina Patti's time. She sang on the very spot where Patti sang, in the presence of the President, Benjamin Harrison, the Vice-President, the Cabinet, the Premier and officials of Canada, fourteen Governors of fourteen States, when Chicago's Auditorium was dedicated thirty-four years ago, marking the beginning of grand opera in the Mid-West.

As Dinorah, with hair streaming with Ophelia flowers, without striking beauty, Galli-Curci wins hearts with the golden notes of a song-bird and charm of personality. Blushing like a schoolgirl, she took the flowers from her hair and received the rush of enthusiastic admirers. In her apartment, she said to this gathering of friends: "I love Dinorah, because it brings a breath of the woods, the scent of flowers; it makes me feel the songs of the winds, and cadenzas never worry!"

Before her was a picture of her mother, who had passed on just after she had attained world fame. "I was thinking tonight of my mother and my beautiful, native Milano; the hours I spent at the piano, aspiring to be a pianist."

"Mascagni called one day and heard me trilling the notes I was playing on the piano, and he said, 'You should sing—above all things, you should sing!' I began without any great hope. Adelina Patti was my idol; her name seemed to sing with my name—Adelina Patti—Amelita Gatti. They joked about it, and I thought of this when I sang in the Madrid of Patti. My parents are Spanish and Italian—and so I dreamed of Patti."

With the plaudits of that great Chicago audience still ringing in her ears, we saw the artist in a rocking-chair, embroidering, in the early hours of morning. "I love embroidery," she said, "especially in colors—my hobby is linen—real linen—it is the color of the fields."

Galli-Curci is always popular in the cities she visits. The committees drive her about in automobiles "to see the town." In Peoria, she whispered to the ladies: "I must not ride so much, I must exercise a little." She began her walk incognito, among the throng of people unobserved. "I love to mingle with the people, I love to meet them not as audiences, but as people!"

Although born in Milan, she never sang in the famous opera house "La Scala." She was there while Gatti was manager, but the irony of fate decreed that he should discover the little Italian prima donna in New York rather than in Italy.

"My favorite American song," she announced by trilling "Swanee River"—"not alone for its sentiment, but for its musical qualities. It speaks with the soul of music." Betimes, she was embroidering, chatting and singing, the queen of the home and salon as well as of song. Her dark eyes shone with the liquid softness of her beloved Italia on that night of triumph supreme.

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### Andrew Mellon Holds the Key to Uncle Sam's Strong Box

Uncle "Andy" Mellon has written a letter—one which bids fair to become the most widely read letter of 1923. Quietly he suggested something which made the entire nation sit up.



**AMELITA GALLI-CURCI** said: "My favorite American song is 'Swanee River.'"

"The Treasury has proceeded on the theory that the country would prefer a substantial reduction of taxation to the increased taxes that would necessarily follow from a soldier's bonus, and I have faith to believe that it is justified in that understanding," said Secretary Mellon to Congressman Green of the Ways and Means Committee, to whom this letter was addressed.

It should be understood that Andrew Mellon is not a politician—he never held a political job in his life until President Harding came along and made him Secretary of the Treasury. He is a man of very large affairs—a banker of seasoned financial judgment, whose sole program is that of giving his best to the conduct of the business of the nation. In doing so, he carried into the treatment of public finance the same sense of fidelity and wisdom he would have displayed in a question effecting his personal fortune.

Politically speaking—it was a mean thing to do. With one kick he booted not one but two footballs onto the political gridiron—"Taxation" and "The Bonus Bill"—one that reduced and the other increases. There has been consternation and some of the players want to carry both balls.

Briefly, Andrew Mellon has said: "I propose to reduce taxes to the extent of \$323,000,000." This affects the 7,000,000 people who pay Federal taxes in the United States. Then he says: "I would repeal tax on telegrams, telephones, admissions to the 'movies,' theatre tickets and so-called nuisance taxes," thereby including almost everybody in a proposition to leave a little more money in their pocket.

"But," he adds, "we cannot pay the 'soldier's bonus' and lower taxes," so there we are—it looks like a campaign issue.

From the day after Harding's inauguration, Andrew W. Mellon has concentrated his mind from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. on Uncle Sam's finances—checking up, finding out as Uncle Sam's banker just where he stands—making income and outgo balance without a red line. But that is not all. Andrew W. Mellon is a financier of lifelong experience in building up industrial enterprises. He knows that markets must be provided as well as production watched.

The slender man with a gray mustache, and smoking small cigars, who speaks softly with a somewhat sombre smile—a mind working like a trip-hammer—is the Andrew W. Mellon whom Warren Harding had known, writing at his desk in Pittsburg, galvanizing industry and making two blades grow where there was no grass before.

"The Treasury Department is a business



organization and not a political machine," was Secretary Mellon's reply when an Assistant Secretary insisted he ought to provide places for Republicans in sympathy with his policies.



**ANDREW MELLON** said: *"The Treasury thinks country prefers tax reduction rather than soldiers' bonus."* "I would repeal theatre ticket and nuisance taxes."

Secretary Mellon proved in his actions without an explosive utterance that he was running the Treasury.

"Financial policies must be non-political to succeed. They are built on fact and figures which know no favorites."

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#### Emile Coue, Day by Day, in Every Way, is Being Drawn to America

Coue is coming again from Nancy, France, to check up on the better and better business in the U. S. A. The announcement recalls his first visit a year ago.

"And this is America," said Emile Coue as I greeted him at the pier when he first set foot on American soil. "Growing better and better every day," he added with a twinkle in his dark eyes.

"In every way," I reverently joined the chorus.

"Don't put a crown on my head, for remember I am not a miracle man."

He had a little bag, which he carried himself, and his eyes sparkled with a sense of humor. From the very first handshake, I felt that I was with a most human of humans. The crowds surged about him, trying to get at least a glimpse of the famed Coue. He was given the reception of a conquering hero.

At the hotel, over a cigar and after-dinner coffee, he looked out of the window at the surging throngs below. The corridors were filled with the curious; there were editors, scientists, ministers and reporters. The muscles in the corners of his eyes relaxed reflecting an irresistible sense of humor.

"This is a wonderful year. It will complete the cycle of a renewed interest in auto-suggestion that will sweep far ahead of previous tides. How quick you Americans are to catch ideas—old or new."

While in Washington Coue visited the Lincoln Memorial. As he stood before the statue, looking up toward the cast, he said reverently:

"The spirit of that man is making the world and humanity better and better every day. I have read everything I could of Lincoln. His imagination and vision foresaw the great progress of the world."

Everywhere he would go he carried his little bag and every woman wondered what was in the bag. He permitted me to look inside and I found a comb and brush, tooth brush and paste, some manuscript, letters from his wife and a note from Marie, his helpmate in the chemist shop at Nancy, France.

At one of his lectures someone in the audience cried, "Louder and louder."

"Oh, if I only had a roaring voice." So an amplifier was adjusted and Coue's voice rang out clear and distinct.

"How did you acquire your English?" I asked.

"By auto-suggestion and personal contact with your people, speaking your English. We French speak more with our eyes and our hands. I could oftentimes tell what you were saying by just the way you looked at me and the way you acted. Some people are so much easier to speak to than others. It is easier to understand the English in England perhaps because my first contact with English was with Englishmen, but I like the way



**EMILE COUE** said: *"Every day in every way you are getting better and better."* "I learned English mostly through reading the newspapers."

you incisively snap your words, and your phrases are short. I learned more English through reading newspapers than in any other way. Don't you think I speak the newspaper way?"

However, he is true to his France, for I have received a five-page letter from him, written in French, and he wrote at the bottom of the letter: "I am writing in French because I can best express my love and affection for you and the friends in America in my own tongue."

△

#### Walt Mason Thinks in Rhyme and Dreams in Metre

Who is this Walt Mason? Is it the name of a real man? These queries sent me on a quest to Kansas, but I found him in California, amid the famous climate. To my breathless query he replied:

"It is just my way of saying things. Rhyme and reason are twin sisters. Why waste quad lines and white space?"

Walt Mason, for fifteen years one of the most

widely-quoted feature writers, was speaking to me in the flesh at his Paradise home in Loyolla, California—trying to balance his pencil on his forefinger.

"Everything comes to me in rhyme, It has been so since earliest time."

We could fancy Walt Mason trilling these lines on a Chautauqua tour. Walt knows how to compound verse and common sense philosophy in prose style. On the streets of Emporia, Kansas, I have ridden with Walt Mason behind his famous horse and in his buggy. When he dashed down the street in high—a run-away was reported at the newspaper office. Now, he, too, has discarded the old horse for the automobile. Emporia is also known as the home of William Allen White, but it was in Kansas that Walt Mason first began to reel out rhyme which is printed in prose—postal-card limits in many daily newspapers, with millions of readers reaching far beyond the Emporia Gazette area.

A big, sturdy, good-natured soul is Walt Mason. As we rode along we discovered an old sign of Frazer's axle grease.

"Even the creak of the buggy and the snort of the horse, the bark of a neighbor's dog are rhyme to me," said Walt Mason.

A little deaf, Walt Mason insists that he never fails to hear the right sort of an invitation which proved his Scotch forebears. Chatting about how he began to write that way, he said:

"In early days I was fired from a \$4 a week job on a newspaper because of my rhymatic impulse. I wrote headlines in rhyme; obituaries, birth notices, all were reeled out in epitaph form. One facetious friend has written me that he expects to find my immortal verse preserved on tombstones for the future generations to pore over as they do in Boston cemeteries."

"Some readers insist that my stuff starts the 'prize puzzle,' enthusiasts searching for the rhyming words as the answer," laughed the author of Rippling Rhymes. "They say I have rhymed every word in Webster's dictionary except 'Abdullah' and 'Ab' would not abdicate," he said with brow wrinkled. "I am not supposed to spend over twenty-four hours on any one verse, but I do—sometimes they come in schools like mackerel. I established the habit of 'day by day' long before Coue came. When the lines come to me upon awakening in the



**WALT MASON** said: *"I wrote birth notices and obituaries in rhyme and was fired from a \$4 a week job."* "Everything comes to me in rhyme. It has been so since earliest time."



morning, they are all singing in good form by the time I finish shaving."

There may be no rhyme or reason in some things, but there is both in Walt Mason's wholesome philosophy.

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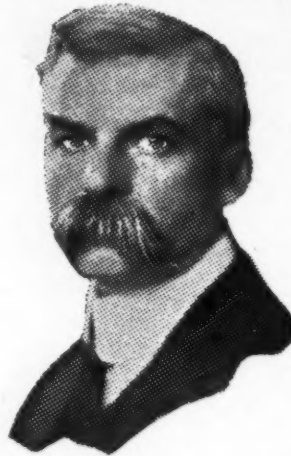
### Senator Thomas J. Walsh Shakes the Very Foundation of both Political Parties

Leaning his head on his hand, forefinger pointing upward, Senator Thomas J. Walsh was watching witnesses and reflecting at the Teapot Dome hearing. Deductions were evidently surging through his brain as the tempest of testimony continued. The big mirror with a massive gold frame reflected the back of his head, but no one can guess what was "in the back of his head." He thinks deep, and keeps the lid on.

When Thomas J. Walsh took his oath as Senator from Montana, his colleagues were impressed that a man already serious minded had arrived. At that time he wore a long mustache (now briefer and more gray). Distinctly a Westerner in appearance, but not a hail-fellow-well-met Westerner in his ways. He rarely smiles and is not much of a mixer. His voice is low, but penetrating. It was soon apparent that he possessed one of the most subtle and capable legal minds in the Senate—and he keeps his eye on the ball.

The son of an Irish immigrant, his boyhood was spent at Two Rivers, Wisconsin, where as a youth in his teens he determined to become a lawyer. Attending the University of Wisconsin,

he finished a four-year course in two years, but he first studied law in a law office. A thoroughly grounded self-education was the foundation. He was principal of the High School at Sturgeon Bay,



**T**HOMAS J. WALSH said: "It was Fall's parade of new-found wealth among neighbors remote in New Mexico that led to exposure."

Wisconsin. In South Dakota he practiced law in the days of final proofs, pre-emptions, and tree claims. In 1890 he located at Helena, Montana, and was soon known as one of the most industrious and able lawyers in the State. He worried the large copper corporations in winning

some hard-fought cases, and after declining the appointment as chief counsel for the Anaconda Copper Company, he ran for United States Senator and was elected.

Since the first whisperings about the Teapot Dome leases in April, 1922, he has kept his eyes and ears open. A strong supporter of the late Woodrow Wilson and his policies, his name was considered for a nomination to the United States Supreme Court bench.

In his work as an investigator he is at his best. Searching, relentless in cross-examination, he has a tenacious memory. The credit of taking the lid off the Teapot Dome goes to Thomas J. Walsh.

"It was Fall's parade of new-found wealth among neighbors remote in New Mexico, and Zev's victory over a Derby winner that led to exposure. A wrong-doer rarely fails to exhibit a weakness of intellect that leads to detection—a subtle provision of nature or divine ordinance through which the guilty are brought to justice."

This was the terse comment and analysis of the beginning of the Teapot Dome developments by Senator Walsh.

The report of a newspaper reporter sent to New Mexico to investigate fell into his hands and he followed the trail step by step with an alert power of deduction. The facts brought out shook the country in the hearings before the Senate Public Lands Committee in January, 1924. There is a prospect of many months' work ahead in gathering the evidence to clear up the fumes of the oil lease scandal.

## The United States and World Peace

*Continued from page 403*

legislation, without new treaties, and without any radical experimentation, but merely by the more efficient working and natural expansion of existing political machinery.

In the meantime the Conference of Ambassadors at Paris is at present the most powerful international organization in the world. Our participation in its proceedings, by giving support to its proposals or advising restraint thereof, as our best judgment may dictate, may be our immediate opportunity for making our greatest possible contribution to the preservation of international peace. "Friendly conversations" may be a more effective method of ironing out controversies than formal debates in regular sessions. Our Ambassador at Paris may have more influence by attending the meetings of that conference as an unofficial observer than he would have as an official member. Fortunately no one could be better qualified for such service, by virtue of his own personality and the entire confidence of the peoples of all countries concerned, than our present Ambassador at Paris.

For the purpose of summarizing the results of thus clearing a path through a tangled wilderness, it should be borne in mind that negative criticism is easier than constructive suggestion; that the best possible adjustment of any human relation will show serious defects in actual operation because of the inevitable imperfections of every human being; that the discovery of such defects does not necessarily justify the substitution of a different adjustment; and that any adjustment devised with the best of intentions may furnish

only an attractive pavement for a road which leads to disaster.

The interdependence of sovereign nations justifies and requires a league, tacit or expressed, between them. Military or economic coercion of a sovereign nation by one or more other sovereign nations means either military or economic war. A league of nations would gain little if it could succeed in an attempt to substitute economic war for military war. Economic war is more likely to provoke than to prevent military war.

Our first proposition of negative criticism therefore is that the coercive provisions of the covenants of the present League of Nations, including the provisions for compulsory arbitration by the Permanent Court of International Justice, should be abandoned.

Our first constructive suggestion is that the Assembly of the League and the Council of the League and the Permanent Court of International Justice, thus shorn of their super-governmental functions, should be continued in existence indefinitely and as permanently as may be, and as soon as practicable should include representatives of all reasonably civilized nations. Thus the institutions of the League will be kept "out of politics" and will be able to express the judgment of the non-governmental organizations throughout the world; and the Permanent Court of International Justice would constitute a standing tribunal for voluntary arbitration of international controversies and for the review of provisional decisions of Conferences of Ambassadors.

Our second constructive suggestion is that the general system of "Conferences of Ambassadors" should be extended tentatively and experimentally so as to express the combined judgment of governmental organizations; and to act as either final or provisional arbitrators of international controversies requiring immediate decision.

Our third constructive suggestion is that our diplomatic and consular services should be consolidated into a single systematically organized foreign service, substantially along the lines of the Rogers bill now pending in our House of Representatives.

Our fourth constructive suggestion is that all opportunities should be improved to negotiate treaties with other nations, embodying such a spirit of fairness, such completeness and practical workability as are exemplified in our treaty of 1910 with Great Britain relating to the boundary waters between the United States and Canada.

Our fifth constructive suggestion is that there might well be a Pan-American conference of the diplomatic representatives of the independent nations of the two American continents, which might co-operate with non-political Pan-American organizations, so that working together they might express the political and non-political judgment of the people of North and South America with sufficient force to terminate the present rebellion in Mexico; and perhaps other internal or international controversies between the independent nations of the two American continents.

# The Highest Paid Newspaper Woman in the World

By MYRTIE HURON ALEXANDER

"Dorothy Dix understands human nature and with her ready sympathy and broad-minded tolerance she strikes a note that rings true in every heart. That is why she is the most popular woman journalist in the world."—London *Tit-Bits*.

TO come within Dorothy Dix's magnetic personality is to recognize real Sincerity in flesh and blood. Her remarkable success in reaching and helping the "average woman," if there be such a creature, all over the world is not without a reason. The South is proud of her, for she is a typical woman exponent of the traditions of the Southland. The world has reason to love her, following the waves of her influence for good over land and water. She has come into a heritage like that of Abou Ben Adhem as one who loves her fellow men.

Letters come to Dorothy Dix from all parts of the world. They confide to her every possible variety of human experience. Every sort of a question is asked of her from how to save one's soul to how to keep one's hair in crimp or out of crimp. Nor are these letters written by only the illiterate and unsophisticated. Many come from people of culture and worldly experience, and many are written by men as well as by women. Millions of women and hundreds of thousands of men look for advice on those intimate problems that vex the human soul. She is the mother confessor of those who have strayed from the narrow path; the big sister of the troubled and perplexed.

Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer (Dorothy Dix), was born at "Woodstock," a farm on the border between Tennessee and Kentucky. Before she was twelve she knew Shakespeare and Scott and Dickens by heart, and had read Smollet and Fielding and Richardson—had even toyed with the works of Josephus and Motley's "Dutch Republic," "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and other like airy literary trifles.

Of her early education Dorothy Dix says: "I had no mushy children's books to read, so I cut my teeth on the solid meat of good literature, for which mercy I thank God. Later I was sent to a female academy, where at sixteen I was graduated in all the ologies and isms, but whatever real education I got, I found in the yellow old books in the library at Woodstock. Having finished school, I tucked up my hair and got married, as was the tribal custom among my people, expecting to settle down on Main Street, and spend my life as a Main Streeter, but fate had other plans for me. A series of financial and domestic catastrophes chucked me out into the world, not only to earn my own living, but to support others. I did not know a thing on earth to do to make a dollar, and I agonized over the horror of independence, until I grew ill and was sent to the Mississippi Gulf Coast to recuperate.

"Destiny—and I believe in Kismet as implicitly

**DOROTHY DIX** says:—

"Also, it is well for women to remember that men do not want their wives to be like many of the women with whom they amuse themselves. A man may be diverted by a pretty little flapper who smokes and drinks and swears and is always on the go, but he doesn't want a wife like that. A man may listen with rapt attention to the conversation of a brilliant woman at a dinner table, but he goes home thanking God he isn't married to her.

"Wives would save themselves a lot of unnecessary jealousy if they would remember that men have two sets of feminine charms and virtues—one for their wives, and the other for the women to whom they are not married.

"As for saying that you trust your husband but don't trust women, that's the blanket excuse that women throw over the shortcomings of the men they love."



**DOROTHY DIX** has been, probably, the repository of more intimate confidences of worried or distressed or anxious people of both sexes and all ages in every condition of life than any other human being—and for everybody's private problem she finds some sort of answer

as any Mohammedan—put me into the house next door to Mrs. E. J. Nicholson, the great woman who owned and edited the New Orleans *Picayune*. I showed her a little story I had written, and she bought it for three dollars, which I still believe to be the largest sum ever paid for any literary composition. Anyway, my fate was sealed, for I promptly 'wished myself' on the *Picayune* and my newspaper career began. So I began writing for my sex the truth, as I have seen it, about the relationship of men and women. I called these articles the 'Dorothy Dix Talks,' and women liked them. For the last quarter century I have laughed, cried and sympathized with and jollied and lambasted, and advised, millions upon millions of my sisters with whom I had had heart-to-heart talks through the papers the world over. I have been the confidante of women who keep brothels and the girls in them. I have sat in prison cells and listened to the heart stories of murderesses and have sat in luxurious drawing rooms while the guest of millionaires' wives. I have seen women in their moments of triumph and in their hours of despair; and there is no joy or sorrow that can tear at the human heart that I do not know. All of this has given me a knowledge and an understanding of human nature that no young girl or woman who has led just a home life could have.

"To all of these people I have tried to make 'Dorothy Dix' a personal friend to whom they will always turn for sympathy and counsel; and so my desk has become a confessional at which men and women open their hearts and tell the secrets they would not tell their nearest and dearest, and at which they ask advice upon every subject under the sun, from how to reduce their weight, to whether they shall elope with their stenographers or their best friends' husbands. Many of the problems are so intricate that only Almighty wisdom itself can solve them; but to all I give understanding, and the best advice I have in the shop.

"Often a tired and discouraged woman will write me that something I have written has made her see that raising a family is a great and glorious career for a woman, and that it has given her fresh courage to go on with the dull monotony of the daily grind in a poor household. Doctors often write to me that they give my articles to their neurotic feminine patients instead of pills and potions. A girl will write me that something I have written has kept her from setting her feet on the downward path. Often married men and women write to me that I have kept them from committing the sin and folly of thinking they can find happiness in the double life. And often bridal couples write and ask for my blessing, and say that they are going to play the matrimonial game according to Dorothy Dix.

"These letters are my real pay for my work, and make me feel that I wouldn't exchange jobs with the President."



# The Man With a Dream in His Heart

*"Behold This Dreamer," the title of his latest novel, might well serve as introduction to this bold adventurer in literary by-paths*

By LEE BROWN

**I**F you were to go through New York asking of all whom you met the question, "Who is the most remarkable young man today on the Island of Manhattan?" you would receive various answers. Wall Street will tell you one thing, Broadway another, Fifth Avenue another, and Madison Square Garden something else again.

Were you to direct your inquiries to the publishing field, it is more than likely that you would get a unanimous answer. A majority, at least, would answer "Fulton Oursler!" It is not hard to discover why.

Most men, reaching the age of fifty-five or sixty, and having accomplished what Fulton Oursler has accomplished, would be content to retire and call it a well-spent life. But not he. Scarcely past his twenties, he feels that his achievements have not yet begun. Let his record speak for him.

He left school at the age of thirteen, in the seventh grade. This is every bit of schooling he had. He got a job in a law office and was put to reading law books. He did a lot of reading in the next two years—but not law books—dime novels. With this as a literary starter, he became a reporter, at the age of sixteen. His seventeenth birthday saw him the assistant city editor of his paper—and married. Two years later he was dramatic and musical critic on the *Baltimore American*, and also the father of two children. At twenty-one he was contributing articles to more than two hundred magazines. This brought him not only fame, but more money than he was getting on the newspaper.

Now right here is where many folks stop and survey the results of their years of toil with deep satisfaction. At the helm of a large city daily,

the friend of such artists as Sarah Bernhardt and Mary Garden, his name already known in magazine circles, and the head of a family, Fulton Oursler was by no means satisfied. In fact, it was at this period of his career that he thought he was getting into a rut! And Baltimore is no place to get out of a rut. So to New York came this ambitious youth, his grip packed with clothing, his soul packed with high purpose.

Three positions had been offered him in New York. He chose a minor position on *Music Trades*, on the editorial staff. Three days later he was managing editor of the paper.

This is in the nature of a meteoric rise. Money and fame have poured in on this youngster who left school in the seventh grade and never went back. But that is not all. He is now thirty years old, and has just published his first novel.

"Behold This Dreamer!" is the name of the book. It is predicted that it will be the greatest novel of the year. The first three instalments have appeared in *Metropolitan Magazine*, and have caused a sensation. The author's desk is deluged with mail like that of a movie hero. People in all walks of life, in all corners of the country (and outside the country, too), are writing in to praise, to argue, to exclaim. Fulton Oursler started something this time! The theme deals with a young dreamer who battles with



**FULTON OURSLER**, who followed Theodore Roosevelt as contributing editor to the *Metropolitan Magazine*, purchased the desk formerly used by Roosevelt, and is shown here sitting at that historic piece of furniture. Mr. Oursler, besides being an author of note, is Editor-in-Chief of the Macfadden publications, which now number nine magazines with a monthly circulation of more than four million copies



Cartoon of Fulton Oursler by Gianni Viofara

All this while he had been writing fiction in his spare time, and two years after he took charge of *Music Trades*, Fulton Oursler's stories began to appear in various magazines throughout the country. His mystery stories today are of a distinctive type and in great demand.

One day he met Bernarr Macfadden, the great physical culturist and publisher. Mr. Macfadden made the young man a contributing editor on one of his magazines, and he was only twenty-nine when he became editor-in-chief of the entire group of Macfadden publications, which now number nine magazines with a monthly circulation of over four million, conservatively estimated, the readers numbering twelve million a month.

circumstances to save his dreams from perishing. The characters walk out of the pages as you open them and surround you. You live in their midst and share their lives. You reside with Charley Turner in Baltimore and live with him a typical Baltimorean existence. You flee with him to New York, the rocky island of dreams, and walk along tawdry, glittering Broadway, and sit on the Drive in the misty twilight. You love, laugh and weep with rage and sorrow as the characters move all around you, weaving their enthralling tale. Will Charley Turner's dreams perish, and he with them? All of us who have had dreams, realized them or allowed them to perish, all of us who feel deeply but are inarticulate, will be grateful to this Fulton Oursler who

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# Rogers Park—the Community Beautiful

*Here in Chicago's banner residential district—secluded yet accessible, exclusive yet democratic—more than a half million people keep the home fires burning*

By W. C. JENKINS

IF anyone desires to visit a community wherein stupendous development and a great transformation has taken place during the past decade, let him go to Rogers Park, on Chicago's north shore of Lake Michigan.

There is no similar sized area in the United States that has experienced a greater activity in the building of beautiful homes, high class apartment buildings and modern hotels. Splendid examples of high class civic improvements may be seen. A change in general appearance has taken place that is truly astonishing.

Solon and other great travelers of Greece visited foreign countries to examine their institutions and to investigate the state of society, to obtain in this manner some valuable and practical knowledge regarding national and community development. Herodotus, the father of history, furnished ancient Greece with glowing descriptions of the wonders he personally observed in his travels, and his histories and observations, though frequently inaccurate, have been of great value to subsequent ages.

When Romulus laid the foundation for the Eternal City he sent his emissaries to every known country to study their excellencies, their difficulties and shortcomings. The mass of information laid before the rulers eventually resulted in "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome."

The early American cities were built largely upon a haphazard plan. That part of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia where community development first began, exhibits today in a marked degree the ignorance which once prevailed in this country, regarding the business and social necessities of a municipality.

Rogers Park today exhibits the last word in modern community development. It is well worth studying by those who are interested in social and civic betterment. Its beauty is a revelation and the progressive character of its citizens is a matter of general comment in the western metropolis.

Beauty in locality, however, is a disadvantage unless common dangers are forestalled. For hundreds of years, men have said that the beauty of Italy was her curse. The productive and picturesque fields of Lombardy invited roving peoples, and time after time the land was devastated by barbarous hordes.

Beautiful localities attract desirable and undesirable persons. Chicago's north shore has not escaped the attention of that class of people who prey upon the weakness of men, and indiscretions have sometimes given a locality more notoriety than religious accomplishment. The leading citizens of Rogers Park are fully alive to these dangers, and every effort is made to suppress vice whenever it raises its head. As a result of this activity on the part of the citizens, this locality is Chicago's banner residential community. An undesirable class would have great difficulty in getting foothold in that community.

The earliest inhabitants of Rogers Park had no Homeric singers to immortalize a prehistoric civilization and inspire men in subsequent years to discover the evidences of a forgotten people. When Father Marquette lingered at this particular spot on the shores of Lake Michigan, before he journeyed to the mouth of the Chicago River, he found evidences of Indian occupation, but there was little to mark the coming or departure of primitive tribes, which held successive sway along the shore. There was practically nothing in structural remains—no legendary lore to establish facts regarding prior history, and yet it is certain that the place was established for many years before the Jesuit Fathers first visited the spot. The aborigines appreciated beauty of locality and here they found it in abundance.

A quarter of a century ago, the territory now embraced in Rogers Park was purely rural in character. There were few roads and no paved streets, no sewers, no water or gas mains, no car lines, no elevated service, no lake front improvements, not a single apartment building or hotel worthy of the name, and no advertised subdivisions. It was not even within the corporate limits of Chicago.

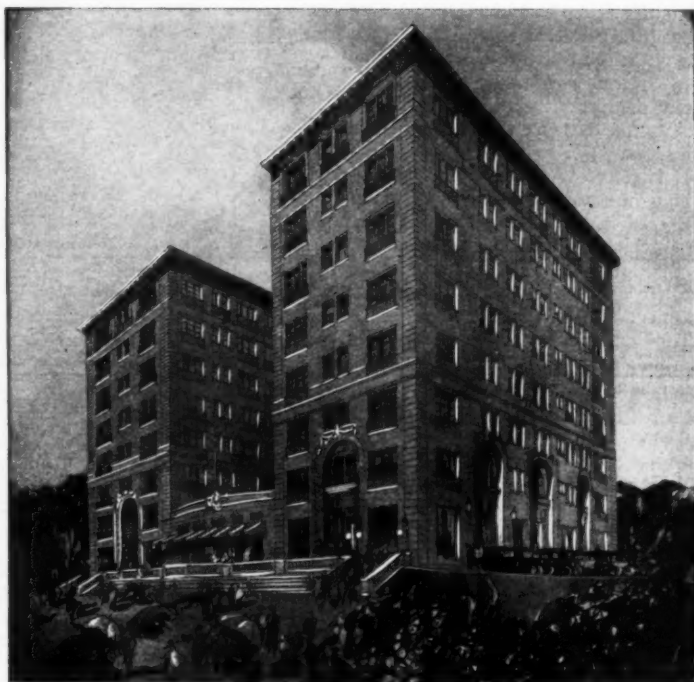
It is estimated that today's territory, stretching from Wilson Avenue to Waukegan, and which was mostly composed of a few scattered villages twenty-five years ago, has a population exceeding half a million people, with palatial hotels, rivaling the nation's best, national and state banks with millions of resources, and beautiful theaters, worthy of any metropolitan city. Few states in the union have a single city that compares favorably with Chicago's great north side in point of population alone.

This territory is pre-eminently a residential district, and no pains will be spared to maintain its reputation in this respect. It is the home of business and professional men, and, in most cases, the people who love homes.

Rogers Park, in particular, is no place for one who is not first and last absorbed in his home.

In this beautiful section of Chicago may be seen the nation's ideal apartment hotels, hundreds of high-class apartment buildings, bungalows galore, and the finest bathing beaches in these United States.

Moreover, the locality is provided with transportation facilities of an exceptional character; steam railroads and shoppers' specials on the



Hotel Sherwin, situated in Rogers Park, is Chicago's newest and most elegantly appointed living place

elevated reach the loop in twenty minutes. Besides, there are street car lines, busses and in the summer time boats, all connecting the community with the heart of Chicago.

At least forty thousand people from other localities spend the summer in Chicago's north side hotels. Most of them prefer the apartment hotels. Shrewd business men who have studied the demands for summer accommodations have recently built magnificent structures, with all the modern advantages such hotels require. Rogers Park has been a leader in new hotel construction during the past two years, and these enterprises will attract additional thousands to the community during the coming summers. Among the attractive hostleries are the Rogers Park Hotel, The Broadmoor, The Birchmont, The Sheridan Beach, The Highlands, The Maeburn, Haliburton, and the Stanleigh, the Sherwin, and the Cluxton.

Men and women of affairs today, business or



social, accept the fact that periods of intelligent rest are necessary for efficiency. They appreciate that their human machine, even under the drive of great will and mental energy is, after all, only a machine. Reason tells them that this machine must be watched and cared for constantly. For rest and recreation, there is no better spot in the great Middle West than on the shores of Lake Michigan in beautiful Rogers Park.

Not for an idling holiday so much as for an intelligent rest and recreation. The atmosphere is devoid of factory smoke; it is clear and invigorating. Every comfort has been arranged in Rogers Park hotels, for the entire family—sun parlors, bathing beach enjoyments and the charm of interesting companionship.

These hotels are open all the year and have advantages in winter as well as summer. People who are undecided regarding a place of permanent residence find a real need in the accommodations they offer. Besides, for convenience and economy they possess advantages over the detached home to many people.

The woodman with his axe spared no trees that were in his path when he changed the forest into a beautiful residential district. Rogers Park was one of the most picturesque spots on Lake Michigan, covered with many varieties of trees, the birch predominating. The scene was one of picturesque beauty, far beyond the dreams of the artist.

It is stated that the district was at one time composed of ridges and ravines, running parallel with the lake. They resembled immense furrows, which nature had developed for drainage, so that on these ridges the white birch trees, like an emblem of beauty, would stand out conspicuously.

Thousands of these beautiful trees remain, intermingled with the handiwork of modern builders and landscape gardeners. Hence the locality has lost none of its charm to students of nature, but rather has become the recipient of considerable additional beauty. It is one of the world's most beautiful residential communities.

Experience is a school from which men can never graduate. People reach the highest degree of intelligence, however, when they mingle with a cosmopolitan class. Rogers Park has representatives of practically every industry and profession. If you desire to secure facts regarding travel, there are many in the community who can give you the information desired. If you want statistics regarding western mining oil developments or the principles of irrigation, you need go no further than around the corner. One neighbor can enlighten you on the delicate adjustment of a full-jeweled watch, another can explain the manner in which a lens, as near perfection as one-thirty-thousandth of an inch, is manufactured, while others can portray in glowing language the mechanism of machinery of any description. The aristocracy of labor, the leaders in business, and the captains of industry here mingle and exchange ideas.

Rogers Park is located at the north end of Chicago's city limits. Street car fare is seven cents to any part of Chicago, and telephone messages to any station cost five cents. The elevated railroad carries a passenger to any station within the corporate limits for the single fare of ten cents.

It is for these reasons that this section has recently been visited by many people seeking a loca-

tion for a home. Across the northern line into Evanston means another fare, higher-priced telephone messages to and from Chicago, and other disadvantages.

Rogers Park embraces that territory from Devon Avenue on the south to Howard Street on the north, and from the lake on the east to Western Avenue on the west. The topography of this locality is ideal, as it is mostly level ground, with trees in abundance. It is right in the trend of development along Chicago's north shore, and the last community within the city limits.

Real estate is regarded as being held at conservative prices, and there are some splendid opportunities for investment today. Many fortunes have been made during the past few years by men who simply bought property a few years ago and held it until the place came into its own.

This section of Chicago's great north shore is still in the process of building. On all sides improvements are projected and the carpenter's hammer will be heard on every hand as soon as the weather permits.

During the past two years Rogers Park spent more money in building enterprises than was spent for such purposes in the loop district, and the amount invested in new buildings in 1923 was double that of 1922.

Summer visitors, in common with permanent residents, can get as close to nature as they may choose, and still be within a short distance of their hotels. They may enjoy golf, tennis, or aquatic sports. They may even secure a camping permit on nearby forest preserves.

In every section of Rogers Park all branches of trade are represented. The stores, which are mostly new, will no doubt more fully represent the district in a few years. At the present time they are feeling their way and serving the community as well as they can.

There are no factories in Rogers Park and the people are not lamenting their absence. They have developed a strong desire for pure air, uncontaminated breezes and freedom from cheap tenements.

A large portion of the residents are either employed, or are conducting business enterprises in the loop. Some of Chicago's most brilliant attorneys live in Rogers Park. Hundreds of commercial travelers, bond salesmen, and officials in big loop department stores, have selected this district as their home. It is a cosmopolitan community in every sense of the word.

This spring will see a wild dash of investors into Rogers Park, and the territory along the proposed extension of the elevated railway lines from Howard Street to Niles Center, paralleling the lines of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

Niles Center, because of its lack of transportation, has been considered an uninviting locality by the real estate dealers. Actually it is close in suburban territory. With the elevated lines in operation, Niles Center commuters will be nearer the loop than many inhabitants of North Evanston, and all the suburbanites of the north shore villages.

Howard station on the elevated railway will be an important junction point, and Howard Street property owners will be greatly benefited, as with theatre conveniences, excellent stores, and fine hotels, many people will be brought to the locality for business or amusement purposes.

There is no doubt but what this particular district of Rogers Park will experience consid-

erable development within the next few years as it is a logical business point.

The recent installation of a new system of electric lighting along Sheridan Road through Rogers Park gives that thoroughfare an inspiring appearance at night. Nowhere in Chicago is there a better system of street lighting.

The locality is well supplied with public schools. In Rogers Park there are the Eugene Field, the Stephen Gale and the Armstrong schools, and another is contemplated. Besides these are two parochial schools and Loyola College, Academy and University. Loyola University has plans drawn for additional facilities that will involve the expenditure of several million dollars within the next few years.

This is one of the biggest Catholic educational institutions in the country.

It should be understood that Chicago's north shore is entirely different from the so-called summer resorts, for there is no place so dreary in winter as your typical seaside amusement and recreation spots, and there are no people so pathetic as the strays who linger there after the rest of the world has left.

You don't notice these people in summer because brighter folk and happier things are more conspicuous, but walk along the water front in winter and see them in all their seriousness. Some stay because of a belief that renewed health is more certain in that particular part of the universe than anywhere else; others because business matters compel them to remain.

Chicago's north shore resorts are all aglow the year round. Different amusements and methods of recreation are indulged in as the seasons change, and there is no month in which the different localities are in a state of legathy. Sheridan Road, the world's premier boulevard, passes through the entire series of north shore towns and a stream of automobiles is constantly passing to and from the city. Society events are numerous and literary progress is nowhere more pronounced.

Rogers Park has four banks, the Phillip State Bank & Trust Company, the Howard Avenue Trust & Savings Bank, the Rogers Park Trust & Savings Bank, and a national bank.

The evident desire on the part of the leading men and women of Rogers Park is to extend the intellectual movement beyond literary and theological learning into the realm of practical politics and create an Utopia in which laws, customs, and social order have attained a perfection seldom found.

In the development of Rogers Park, its beautiful homes and social activities, the ripeness of experience finds there consummation. A vast diversity of achievements may be seen by a student of social, industrial and municipal progress that never fails to incite admiration and commendation. In truth, a century's accomplishments have been crowded into a decade.

That section of Rogers Park where the new Sherwin Hotel is being constructed is similar to the Riviera. It might also be likened to Atlantic City in the way of great hotels along the water front. In the summer its shore is lined with bathers and others bent on pleasure. It is the playground and the breathing spot of the great city of Chicago and of the cities of the Middle West. At night in the summer time, the sound of music from guitars in happy groups of merry-makers, and from the hotel orchestras floats out across the starlit waters of Lake Michigan.

# Character and Determination Win

*The foundations for success lie deep in human consciousness. Some men fail and some succeed in the same endeavors. Character and determination, or their lack, tell the story*

SOME persons are prone to attribute to the sons of ministers a profligacy which brings premature gray hairs to their parents. There seems to be two planes of living—one for the ministers and their families and another for the laymen. But these standards are oftentimes brushed aside by young men who prove their right to leadership in affairs other than ecclesiastic, as in the case of various notables in the business world.

Being the son of a country town preacher of early days was not the bed of roses that the sons of some of the ministers of our large city parishes find today, with their multitude of opportunities for culture, education, and the real joys of living in a modern city home.

The rural minister's son of forty years ago necessarily shared in a large measure the meagre existence, fraught with hardships and privations, which the pioneer messengers of the Gospel so gladly endured in frontier communities.

Oftentimes the business and professional man pauses in his rush for wealth to wander mentally back to the old meeting house on the frontier of civilization and recalls the influence of some itinerant preacher whose advice paved his way to success. Then, too, come thoughts of the boyhood companion, the minister's son, with the query, "I wonder where he is today."

Friendships and ties of affection were rendered well nigh impossible for the circuit rider's family. Laws of the church made veritable nomads of the clergy, and life was a constant shifting scene for them. Transfers were at intervals of not more than three years, and ties of friendship were necessarily soon disrupted and the family compelled to leave for new fields of endeavor.

Fiction fades and becomes mediocre in comparison with the tales of real life; never more so than in the stories of the early clergy. Today, their lives far spent, their health broken, sit many of these God's noblemen, their only solace the satisfaction of a vicarious career, often too meagerly recognized by the church in an annuity, which is regarded by many purely as charity.

Numerous instances there are where the sons of ministers rise above the ignominy to which they are cast by public opinion and are supplying the havens of refuge for the battered heroes who carried life in its fullness to others at great cost to themselves. These instances are not too few to be worthy of recognition, and should be borne in mind by those who flay human frailties. They fulfill two obligations, their own as a son and that of the church to the superannuated servants of Him who controls the destiny of nations.

A noteworthy illustration of such dutiful recognition is found in the thoughtful filial relationship which exists between Charles W. Ferguson, one of Rogers Park's pioneers and leaders in its commercial development, and his parents, the Rev. S. R. Ferguson and his faithful helpmeet.



**CHARLES W. FERGUSON**, a prominent and successful real estate man whose dynamic energy, vision and foresight have been largely responsible for the building up of Rogers Park, one of Chicago's most beautiful and desirable suburbs

Success in the business world which came through Mr. Ferguson's untiring efforts crystallized a cherished dream long deferred; a real home for his aged parents. Not only were their wishes consulted, but every detail of the home was left to them, they selecting the location and directing the plans for the entire project.

But Charles W. Ferguson did not stop there. On the payroll of his company went the names of his father and mother for comfortable "weekly salaries" in addition to the endowment of their home. This supplement to the allowance of the church enables them to peacefully enjoy the eventide of life.

WHILE Rev. S. R. Ferguson served in many prominent pulpits in Kansas and eastern Iowa and also appeared on the platform in his celebrated lecture, "A Southern Tragedy," the compensation from the church was too meagre to provide adequate support during his declining years when his income ceased.

From the plains of Iowa to the honored position he holds today in Chicago was a far cry for Charles W. Ferguson, but despite the barriers, as the immortal Bobby Burns sings, "A man's a man for a' that," and Mr. Ferguson attributes his rise to the lessons necessity taught in his early days and the ideals of honor and integrity instilled by his God-fearing parents.

Unlike the minister's son of bad repute, young Ferguson devoted his spare time during boyhood days to study. At the age of sixteen he took a Kansas state teacher's examination and received a third grade certificate.

On account of his age and youthful appearance it was difficult to secure a teacher's engagement, but he finally found the object of his search in a school which was a typical Kansas dug-out. Only eleven pupils came to acquire an education from the boy teacher, but they were all the children in the community. Their parents were the pioneers, all homesteaders and poor as Job's turkeys. They cooked their meals with "buffalo chips," ate simple food and sang Moody and Sankey's hymns. Theirs was the life of toil and privation.

As time went on young Ferguson found larger schools over which he was permitted to preside. Some were in rough mining towns, where the pupils, or at least some of them, were young toughs, ready for a fight without provocation, and willing to take a licking whenever anyone came along who could perform the feat. Ferguson never carried a chip on his shoulders. He was not overbearing in his manner, but he always exercised authority and commanded respect. "If you wish to know who is boss around here," he told the boys, "just start something."

Young Ferguson taught school until 1889, and while the meager salary received provided him with the necessities of life, it left practically nothing in financial assets to start a business.

One day an announcement came that an appointment would be made to Annapolis, and Mr. Ferguson was selected to take the examination. There were twenty-one counties in the Congressional District. The applicants selected from ten counties dropped out, as a result of the physical examinations, leaving eleven to take the mental examination. Young Ferguson stood second.

Soon afterward he was appointed to West Point Military Academy, from the sixth Congressional District of Kansas. At this time he was nineteen years old and looking for adventure. Arriving at West Point he encountered hazing experiences, with which his western ideas did not harmonize, and in a few weeks he decided to change his plans entirely.

After leaving West Point somewhat disheartened, but not discouraged, he returned to Iowa, where he was engaged to teach school in a small mining town, an institution that had a reputation for throwing out teachers who were *persona non grata* to the pupils. Some had been placed



astride rails and carried to the edge of the town, while others had been buried in snow drifts.

Young Ferguson knew when he entered that schoolhouse he would soon be in a war with the unruly element and he planned to gird on his armor at once. He conquered by diplomacy, and the fact that he alone was running the school was soon established.

the publishers. On several occasions he acted as lieutenant and took out crews of solicitors from the college, and many homes today have the books sold by young Ferguson and his associates on their shelves.

The panic of 1897 brought with it a financial crisis to many people, and among them was our book agent and his force of solicitors. During

without complaint. This, too, was a profitable venture.

One cold December morning, the members of a colored jubilee quartet found themselves stranded at McGregor, Iowa, having lost their manager. They were without any further engagements, and the darkies were preparing to return to their homes in the South. Young Ferguson saw an opportunity, and without any ceremony he became a theatrical booking agent, but doing what in the profession is known as a "wild-cattin'" business. All through the winter he secured engagements for his quartet and incidentally placed some money to his credit in the bank.

The following year he organized "The Ferguson Dixie Jubilee Concert Company," the best aggregation of colored talent in the world. Many people will remember these wonderful southern singers and their plantation melodies. The success of this enterprise far exceeded all expectations.

In 1901 the Chicago Lyceum Bureau came into existence with Charles W. Ferguson as manager. Half a dozen attractions were booked the first year with fairly good success and the bureau was firmly established.

Then followed several years of Lyceum and Chautauqua success. Some of the greatest orators, readers, and musicians this country had ever heard were sent out by these agencies during the decade from 1901 to 1910. In fact, the Chicago, St. Paul, and Cleveland offices were supplying most of the Lyceum and Chautauqua entertainers that were before the public.

About this time Mr. Ferguson formed an alliance with Charles E. Bentley, operating the Co-operative Lyceum Bureau of Omaha, which later developed into a partnership in all their lyceum enterprises. The Columbian Lyceum Bureau of St. Paul was then purchased and reorganized. With Arthur C. Coit they organized the Coit Lyceum Bureau of Cleveland, and in 1906 Messrs. Ferguson and Bentley the Chautauqua Managers Association.

Mr. Ferguson relates many amusing incidents that occurred during these days of endeavor to entertain the public. The hazards in the business were many and the obstacles great. With at one time over two hundred different persons and companies on the road under their auspices, the work became strenuous, and the risks enormous. Nevertheless, on the whole the business was successful, and the coffers of the booking agencies were supplied with a constant stream of money. During the winter of 1907-1908, these booking agencies took in nearly half a million dollars, but a calm survey of the business led to the conclusion that the enterprise could never be placed on a satisfactory permanent basis. Mr. Ferguson's original dream was to completely cover the country. Nearly ten years' experience, convinced him, however, that no permanency could be established in such an enterprise. The talent was of a constantly changing class and patrons of the bureau were seldom two seasons the same in any city. One year the bureau lost \$10,000 in Canada on account of excessive snows which prevented many engagements being filled.

In 1912 Mr. Ferguson disposed of his Lyceum interests, but continued to give half of his time to the Chautauqua bookings. In 1917 he closed out his Chautauqua interests entirely.

In 1902 he had purchased a home and moved to Rogers Park. About that time in Rogers Park there began a period of unusual development, furnishing exceptional opportunities for promotion and investment. Mr. Ferguson began his



The Howard Theatre Building, erected in 1917, is Charles W. Ferguson's biggest achievement in the community development of Rogers Park

After another term of teaching school, and when he was twenty years of age, Mr. Ferguson entered Cornell College, but without funds. Nevertheless he managed to pursue his studies by working at odd jobs occasionally when he could earn a little money.

Dr. William F. King, of the Cornell faculty, was one of the commissioners of the World's Fair and when the exhibition opened, many Columbian guards were needed. Many students wanted to see the Fair and young Ferguson was offered an appointment. He joined Columbian Guard Company No. 26 and was assigned to the Mining Building.

Most of this Exposition work was exceedingly pleasant, but at times perplexing situations arose that called for a cool head and calm judgment. It is a matter of record that Guard Ferguson was one of the most efficient members of the Company and that during his entire service at the World's Fair he was not delinquent in his duty and not a single complaint was made against him. He was promoted to important duties and was in the Exposition service during the entire Fair.

When the Fair ended, several Columbian Guards were retained to protect the exhibits then being removed, and Mr. Ferguson was one of them. The officials knew his ability and loyalty in service, and he was first to get the extended appointment.

At the close of the Fair the Field Columbian Museum was organized. Prior to organization it seemed necessary to have an official custodian. Young Ferguson was appointed to this important position.

WHEN he left the Field Columbian Museum in 1895, Ferguson entered Iowa State University, where he took a course of medical lectures. Realizing that a medical course required a better scientific preparation, he decided to return to Cornell, from which college he graduated in the scientific course in 1898.

During college vacation and whenever he had the opportunity, the work of selling subscription books claimed his attention. In this enterprise he was successful and had the full confidence of

the dark financial days, a young man could starve to death trying to sell books, so Ferguson put his samples away and left the business forever.

It was difficult to get other work, but the energetic young man only wanted a chance to display his ability as a salesman. The opportunity soon came and we find him selling oysters in Galesburg and buying chickens in all sections of Knox County, work that was fairly remunerative but accompanied by many incidents of hardship.

During the celebration of the Lincoln and Douglas debate he sold badges at Galesburg. He also sold badges and buttons at the county fairs, all the time meeting with success and improving his salesmanship abilities. During this period he might have been termed a "faker."

It was during this miscellaneous assortment of jobs that he married, and then began the strenuous effort to make ends meet. Then young Ferguson deplored the fact that he had not completed his education at Cornell, and with hope rather than assurance, he again turned his footsteps toward Cornell College.

Perhaps few students ever endured greater privations to gain a college education than did Charles W. Ferguson and his young wife during his last years at Cornell. They were about to abandon the effort when Mrs. Dr. W. F. King came to their relief with financial assistance. Through the philanthropic co-operation of this noble woman, Mr. Ferguson was enabled to continue his studies. Within a year after his graduation, every dollar was repaid to Mrs. King.

When he left Cornell, his former propensity to sell books returned, but he wanted something of his own creation and so he compiled a *Farmer's Compendium*, in association with William J. Frad, in which was published a miscellaneous assortment of useful information to the agriculturists and others. There was a ready sale for this book and the enterprise was highly successful.

When the edition was exhausted young Ferguson ventured into new fields. He bought for almost a song a lot of old accounts from a country newspaper. Some of these bills seemed hopeless, but when the affable young man called upon the debtors, many of them paid their obligations

real estate operations in a small way, but gradually developed his agency into an important business enterprise.

HE has handled during the past ten years hundreds of realty transactions. He purchased acreage in Rogers Park for subdivision and he bought and sold a large number of vacant and improved properties. Upon many of these lots he built houses and stores, and it has become an axiom that if Ferguson built it, there is little risk in purchasing the property, if the price is right. His biggest achievement was the construction of the Howard Theatre Building, one of the best picture houses on Chicago's north shore. This great play-house brings thousands each week to Howard Street and is an important factor in community development.

Practically every purchaser of real estate from the Ferguson agency has made money. The banner sale probably was that of a vacant corner near the Howard Street elevated station sold a few years ago to Denis F. Ryan for \$18,000. Today the property is said to be worth a quarter of a million dollars.

Charles W. Ferguson is today a wealthy man.

He is vice-president and director in the Phillip State Bank and associated with others in various enterprises. No undertaking is ever launched in Rogers Park seeking to advance community interests without his co-operation and advice. He is always willing to assist, and is a human dynamo when he gets into action.

This fact was often demonstrated during the two-and-one-half year period when the property owners undertook to annex to the city of Chicago a portion of land south of Calvary Cemetery, which was a part of Evanston. Although many battles were lost during the contest, the war for possession of this land was won by Rogers Park, through the persistent effort of Mr. Ferguson and his intrepid associates.

Mr. Ferguson was interested in organizing the Rogers Park Kiwanis Club. He is a charter member and its first president. The club is one of the most progressive in Chicago.

Charles W. Ferguson has an important lesson for young men. He says, "No matter how much you earn, save a little each week. Don't be discouraged if fortune fails to crown you within a short time. You are likely to win in the end, if you steadfastly pursue an intelligent course. Be

honest and truthful and you will gain an asset in the confidence of bankers and business men that will be of great value to you in your future life."

Knowledge is power, and humanity, in its struggle toward better conditions of life and higher achievements can never have too many leaders.

"The future of this country," said the late President Harding, "depends upon knowledge. We must enlighten the people; we want more peaks and pinnacles."

Without the context, that last sentence has a strange sound, but when reduced from figurative speech to plain words, it simply means that the progress of the nation will depend largely upon men of exceptional gifts, gifts of vision, invention, organization, initiative, originality and power.

The people of the nation, a state, a city or a hamlet, may for the purpose of argument, be compared to a pack of cards. No matter how much you shuffle and re-shuffle the component parts, the aces will always remain the best cards and take all the tricks.

Such men as Charles W. Ferguson are needed in every community. They become leaders and the effect of their progressive ideals soon becomes plainly apparent.

## The Phillip State Bank

BANKING had its origin when men began to realize the necessity of a safe and convenient place to store gold, silver and other valuables. Prior to 1640 banking was unknown in England; it was during that year that people first began to entrust the goldsmiths with their valuables on account of the fact that these merchants had provided themselves with strong safes to eliminate the hazards of fire and theft. The goldsmiths were honest men. They were the originators of banking. Their methods were perhaps crude, but they enjoyed the full confidence of the people.

In like manner banking first began in Rogers Park. It was during the days of Indian occupation that a few intrepid white men became enraptured with the topography and splendor of the locality. Nearly a dozen ridges ran north and south along the lake shore and each was covered with birchwood, which during a considerable portion of the year presented an appearance of whiteness which truly resembled traditional emblems of purity.

Among the early citizens was the Phillip family. Originally they lived in South Evanston. When Peter Phillip was comparatively a young man, he first engaged in farming, but it never appealed to him as a business. He went into other ventures after he got married, until he finally became the proprietor of a planing mill. Later he established a hay and grain business for the benefit of the farmers who had such products for sale.

During World's Fair days in 1893, Mr. Phillip was the custodian of many valuables for residents of the community. The strong safe in his office contained the treasures of many people who knew him as a honest man. Finally he decided to open a bank and serve all who might wish such accommodations.

When the Phillip Bank first flew its banners to the breeze in 1895, it was a private institution. It was, it is true, a crude financial enterprise, but honesty and integrity were conspicuous. Any-

one who knew Peter Phillip was willing to trust him. March 11, 1915, the bank became a state institution.

Peter Phillip is seventy-two years old today. During his almost thirty years of banking experi-



**PETER PHILLIP**, President of the Phillip State Bank and Trust Company, is one of the substantial builders of Rogers Park, and the institution that bears his name is one of the most democratic financial concerns in Chicago

ence his financial institution has always been regarded as a pillar of strength. It has cared for the savings of the majority of people who at one time or another have lived in Rogers Park and it has been one of the important factors in community development. Today the Phillip Bank has twelve thousand accounts and its assets are over \$3,500,000.

Being a state bank, it could loan money on real estate, and thousands of homes and business concerns have been built largely with money furnished by the Phillip Bank. In community advancement the state banks perform a most important service.

The sequel event in the history of the Phillip Bank came in August, 1921, when the institution moved into its present quarters at 7001 North Clark Street, the most beautiful and best equipped bank building on the North Side.

Its resources at that time were approximately \$2,000,000. In two and one-half years another million and a half dollars have been added to the resources.

In January, 1922, the Phillip State Bank became known as the Phillip State Bank & Trust Company, a Trust Department being added to take care of estates and trusts. It also became an affiliated member of the Chicago Clearing House Association. Another \$10,000 were added to the surplus in January, 1923.

As a community bank, the Phillip State Bank & Trust Company ranks among the best in the United States. There are no preferences given patrons, the laborer with less than a hundred dollars to his credit in the savings department receives the same cordial consideration and attention as does the customer with many thousands to his credit. It is perhaps one of the most democratic institutions in Chicago.

Certainly no American banking institution is conducted along more modern lines. The mechanical accounting system has been installed, and the most up-to-date methods of securing new accounts are employed.



# A Coal Concern *with a Conscience*

*How a young business man developed a great success through incorporating the Golden Rule with trade*

**H**ERE is the true ring of an honest effort to conduct a coal enterprise along lines that unmistakably exhibit the Golden Rule in business," said a leading citizen of Rogers Park, as he handed me a letter. The letter read as follows:

"On January 21st we delivered to you two tons of Pocahontas Mine Run Coal.

"We mean to give our customers satisfaction, to follow our fuel beyond the mere sale of it, with a positive assurance that it shall be and continue to be satisfactory.

"We try to carry only such coal as will give satisfaction to our customers, and if any delivery proves to be unsatisfactory to you such coal is unworthy of space in our yard.

"If you will let us know if your delivery was not carefully made or of any faults our coal may have, it will aid us in future selection and will be considered a favor."

After reading the letter I remarked, "Here is an institution actually inviting complaints. Many concerns do not have to send out such invitations; they come in fast enough without."

Upon inquiry I learned that Jacob Best, the writer of the above letter, is one of the best examples of self-made men in this country. He began as a poor boy not many years ago and through industry and perseverance has won a fortune.

Moreover, there is no more popular business man in Chicago. He is one of the citizens whose optimism is contagious; whose presence in a company of persons is quickly felt, and when he talks he always has something to say.

The story of Jacob Best and his coal company is a story of accomplishment seldom paralleled in institutions of this character. It portrays the progress of an orphan boy from an obscure beginning to the pinnacle of the retail coal trade in Chicago. With no blare of trumpets did Mr. Best launch his enterprise, and the capital he had to start was limited; in fact, it is doubtful whether any other big coal yard in this country began operations with so little actual cash.

Bereft of his parents at the age of seven, Jacob Best made his home with his sister, who clothed and fed him for six years so that he could pursue his school studies. At the age of thirteen he started to work in a law office, receiving the munificent sum of three dollars a week. At the end of the first month his stipend for contributing to the legal light of the world was increased to \$3.50.

Finding that the encrolling of less weighty matters on the lithographer's stone paid a half dollar more, Mr. Best accepted a position with such a firm, increasing his income to \$4 a week. All of this time his sister was the recipient of his earnings.

His next position was with a South Water Street commission firm, where he remained for two years. But he had not yet found his real line of endeavor in life. He transferred his scene of activities to a tea and coffee store and thereby



**JACOB BEST, a popular Chicago business man, and founder of the Best Coal Company, one of the most progressive and successful concerns of its kind in the West**

virtually jumped out of the frying pan into the fire. His day's work began at six in the morning and ended between ten and eleven o'clock at night, the compensation being \$6 a week.

Jacob Best was now seventeen years of age and began to take considerable interest in his personal appearance. He possessed but one suit of clothes, but always endeavored to present the best possible front the conditions permitted.

About this time an incident occurred which brought a marked degree of happiness to the young man. His employer was Charles Wolfe, who suggested that the single suit of clothes the boy possessed might be better preserved by the wearing of overalls and a jumper during working hours. Mr. Wolfe did more than suggest. He supplied the needed articles and increased his employee's salary to \$7 a week.

When the young man found the increase in his pay envelope and that there was no deduction for the clothes, and the further donation of a package of coffee to take to his home, his happiness knew no bounds; in fact he was rendered happier by this evidence of appreciation on the part of Mr. Wolfe than any subsequent incident in his business career.

The occurrence made a deep impression upon the young man. It told him in unmistakable language that employers are not always the cold-blooded individuals he had at first supposed. Benefactions which Mr. Best has bestowed upon his own employees have been in a large measure due to this incident, and this policy has resulted in the complete spirit of co-operation between employer and employee. From this high standard of service, patrons of the company are in the natural sequence reapers of the benefit.

The panic which struck Chicago immediately after the World's Fair brought with it the collapse of the coffee house and young Best was rendered jobless. For three months he walked the streets of Chicago in a vain endeavor to find employment, and finally secured a position driving a laundry wagon. While this gave him temporary work, he had higher ideals. When a vacancy occurred in the fur department of Marshall Field & Company, the honest, open countenance of young Best made an impression on the manager and he was given the opportunity to join that great commercial establishment.

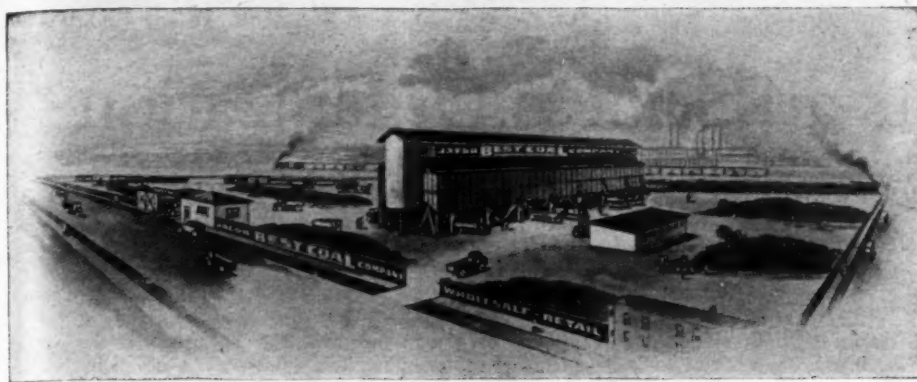
Realizing his early educational advantages were insufficient for his ambitions, he entered the night school of the LaSalle Street Y. M. C. A., where he secured a better grasp of commercial affairs.

**A**FTER nine years' connection with Marshall Field, the young man began to yearn for a business of his own, but like many other people who should have known better, he embarked in the grocery business. Lacking experience, the difficulties were many at first, but enterprise and perseverance supplied this deficiency. Even in his youthful experience Mr. Best was a liberal advertiser. One of his first demonstrations was a "horn of plenty," which had been tastefully arranged in his show window on Thanksgiving, and the children of the neighborhood were invited to write essays on his display. This incident brought many favorable comments and incidentally some new customers.

Although his business grew by leaps and bounds, it soon became distasteful not only to himself but his young bride, by reason of the long hours of work involved. When an advantageous opportunity to sell out was afforded, he grasped it. Not long afterward he embarked in the wholesale confection business. Although success crowned his efforts in this new field, his ambitions were not yet realized, and he fancied he saw in other lines of endeavor possibilities that would bring him to his real position in the commercial world.

Jacob Best realized at that time that when labor is intelligent enough to avail itself of ideas, wealth may be created in considerable quantities. Until then, labor however conscientious and diligent, can do little more than produce the bare necessities of life.

Since leaving school he had done plenty of work, but there was little to show for it. His



Mayfair Yard of the Best Coal Company

industrial effort so far had been one of never-ending toil from dawn till dark and financially he was not in much better condition than when he started.

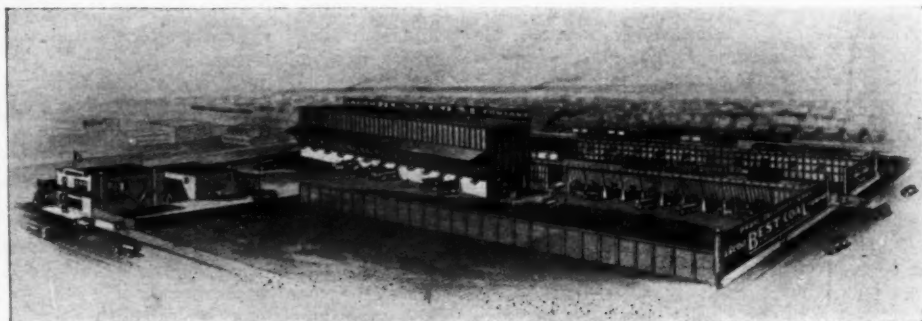
He knew that if he could combine his labor with the ideas of some man who could plan intelligently, the combination would be of mutual advantage, and since the coal business seemed to possess allurements to him, he asked himself, "Why not avail myself of the experience and ideas of F. S. Peabody, the president of the Peabody Coal Company?"

It was with hope rather than assurance that he ventured into the office of Chicago's greatest coal corporation. Mr. Peabody listened attentively and kindly to the faltering philosophy of the young man and quickly grasped the situation. While agreeing, after his characteristic fashion, to aid in the venture, he suggested another conference. At this second meeting he gave the young man some wholesome advice regarding methods of procedure which proved the bulwark, Mr. Best declares, of his later success in the coal business. In this connection it should be stated that Mr. Peabody's name is cherished by many others who have received from him advice and counsel which enabled them to become successful in this field of endeavor.

In the first few years of his coal career practically all his supplies were purchased from the Peabody Company. The first year's business totaled 8,500 tons. Last year's sales amounted to over 70,000 tons.

At first Mr. Best rented the yards, consisting of about 60,000 square feet at 6133 Broadway. Later he purchased the property and the rise in value of this land has, in itself, made him a comfortable fortune.

As the business grew and large financial assistance was often needed, Mr. Best appealed to



Broadway Yard of the Best Coal Company

certain loop banking institutions. His overtures were met in a kindly spirit and today he looks back gratefully to the timely aid of Mr. Harry Wheeler of the Union Trust Company and John W. O'Leary of the Chicago Trust Company.

Always careful to meet his obligations when due at the banks, Mr. Best soon established excellent financial connections which enabled him

to buy in the best markets and at the lowest prices. Automatically his customers shared in the profits.

The territory covered by the Best Coal Company runs from the city limits on the north to Diversey Boulevard on the south, and from Lake Michigan on the east to the western city limits. There are, of course, competitors in this field, but Mr. Best says that competition is the life of trade. In 1923 the company established a new yard at Kilpatrick and Berteau Avenue. This yard has a ground space of 100,000 square feet and is equipped with the most modern coal-handling appliances in the city of Chicago. The two yards will in all probability handle at least 100,000 tons of coal this year.

WHILE other coal enterprises have been started in Chicago during recent years only to pass into history within a short time, the Best Coal Company has constantly shown remarkable development and is today one of the biggest organizations of its kind in the Middle West. This remarkable growth may be attributed to a principle of strict integrity in dealing with the patrons, no matter whether transactions resulted

in a profit or loss. Oftentimes there have been serious losses which might have been averted if Mr. Best had not considered the obligations of a contract sacred; for instance, during the late coal strike many contracts were on his books for coal at \$7.50 a ton, although it could not be purchased at the mines and delivered to his yards for less than \$12.42, nevertheless every contract was fulfilled. *Continued on page 425*

## Home Comforts, Minus Care of Housekeeping

THE modern apartment hotel is a business enterprise that calls for ability of the highest order and a knowledge of psychology far above that needed in the ordinary commercial venture. Without these qualifications, it will sooner or later drift upon the rocks.

Today a specialist in business management and well-directed hospitality is needed to manage any institution that depends upon the public to keep its rooms filled and its dining tables well patronized. It is no business for inexperienced men.

Harry W. Sommers, well known as the prince of hotel keepers, used to say that patrons of hotels are governed in their moods by the condition of their rooms and swayed by that which they swallow. It was always his plan to hire efficient help to take care of his bed chambers, and the best cooks for his kitchen.

It will be a matter of interest to many thousands of people to know that W. F. Sommers, manager of "The Birchmont" in beautiful Rogers Park, is a son of the veteran hotel man mentioned above. Furthermore, that the ideal system which gave the father a national reputation is now employed by his son in the management of the Birchmont.

There are larger hotels in Rogers Park than the Birchmont, but the homelike atmosphere does not prevail anywhere to a greater degree. Here comfort and cleanliness are blended with an atmosphere of cordiality and strict endeavor to serve conscientiously, that makes the weary traveler feel at home the moment he enters its portals.

The Birchmont has one hundred and twenty rooms divided into two, three and five room

apartments. There are twenty-one single rooms. Each apartment has all the modern conveniences. The hotel is located about two blocks from Lake Michigan and one of the most beautiful bathing beaches along the north shore has been improved at this point. In summer, people go from all parts of Chicago to this beach on account of the exclusive character of its patrons.

There is no greater enthusiast over the future of Rogers Park than W. F. Sommers. He advertises his hotel and this beautiful section of Chicago throughout the entire country, and he says that it pays. Every advertisement for the Hotel Birchmont is a matter of valuable publicity for Rogers Park and there are many business men, bankers, and property owners who fully appreciate his efforts to give the pretty and progressive community national distinction.



# Massachusetts a Business Organization

*The old Bay Colony sets an example for all the States to follow by putting the administration of her internal affairs on a business basis*

**T**HESE are the days of measurements and figures. The typewriter and the adding machine mark the increasing knowledge of business science in its broadest and most practical application.

The genius of the age is business. It remained for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to first officially recognize that fact. As a matter of evolution, the State of Massachusetts in a recent act established a Commission on Administration and Finance. This was the outgrowth of the experience of Governor Cox in battling with budgets and carrying on the other various functions of a chief executive.

It started first as a business proposition. He found that a Governor, with all his multifarious duties, functions and speeches—to say nothing of the many callers every day in connection with public duties—was apt to overshadow that for which he was primarily responsible, the practical prosaic business affairs of the state. Governor Cox took the measure of human limitations and heartily supported the act creating the Commission.

A survey of the situation revealed what everyone knew, but never comprehended, that the state has fifty institutions to look after, contain-

istration and Finance. In rooms over the left wing of the State House on Beacon Hill, overlooking the Common, the Commission began its work, laying a foundation sure and strong. The Commission is composed of Mr. Homer Loring, whose wide experience in banking and in the management of railroads fitted him for the idea that was begun by Mr. Webster of Stone & Webster. As chairman, he began his work by looking into every process and detail of expense provided for in the budget, the purchasing of all supplies, eliminating duplication, working towards efficient, concentrated business management; in fact, accounting for everything and seeing that all bills are paid, and looking after the personnel and standardization.

It is essentially the business department of the state, co-ordinating the business and accounting of the various departments, and bringing the business of the state into one central source and head, where it can be properly checked and balanced with budget requirements.

As a rule, no one reads the new laws these days. Sometimes even the members that vote for them don't read them, but the people of Massachusetts are already receiving the benefit of a new law which saves money and brings the business of the state directly under the Governor and the Council. There are three bureaus that cover the functions of the Commission for the Administration of Finance.

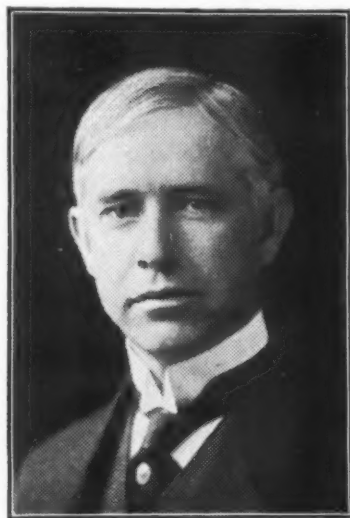
The Comptroller's Bureau includes many of the functions heretofore exercised by the state treasurer and state auditor. It was fortunate that in selecting a comptroller, Governor Cox was able to secure the services of Mr. J. C. McCormick, former treasurer of the United Drug Company. If there is one man on earth who loves and has lived in the atmosphere of accounting in all its phases, it is J. C. McCormick. He has been accustomed to handling large business operations all his life. When he had retired from the United Drug Company, he was induced to accept the responsibility of verifying the accounting statements included in the reports of the Department, so that when requisitions are made they know what they are for, to prove vouchers, payrolls and documents calling for the expenditure of state money, and check them against the appropriation.

The result is already evident that James C. McCormick will establish a new accounting system for the Commonwealth, with revised forms and books from time to time, and prepare a book of instructions covering the use and application of the new law that will bring Massachusetts into the limelight as having one of the best business administration systems of any state in the Union.

In the State Purchase Department, Colonel Robert L. Whipple was appointed. A ripe experience equipped him for the work. Every purchase of supplies and materials, except legislative military supplies, is consummated through this

one source, with the opportunity of checking up on prices and values. In fact, all institutions make requisitions through the Commission on Administration and Finance. The commission makes an annual report to submit to the General Court of the Legislature, which is to be printed in pamphlet form, enabling any citizen at any time to see what the State is expending and what it is for.

The Personnel Department is headed by Thomas W. White. His wide experience with men and affairs duly fitted him for this work. In



**JAMES C. MCCORMICK**, who as Comptroller of the Commission of Administration and Finance is giving the Commonwealth of Massachusetts the benefit of his vast knowledge of accounting science

ing twenty-three thousand inmates, about fifteen thousand of whom are insane. This of itself is a tremendous business proposition. The budget of the state aggregates forty million dollars, making it by far the largest business organization within the boundaries of the Commonwealth. The first object was to do something to cut down taxation and reduce the debt—plain business.

The Act provided for a Commission of Admin-



**GOVERNOR CHANNING H. COX** has made a splendid record for business efficiency and economy during his administration

bringing together all the employees of the various institutions under one head, there will be more cohesive and co-ordinated work and a morale established that will be effective in securing the highest efficiency in State service.

The commission began their work by vigorously checking up the existing system. They visited one institution known as the State Hospital at Mattapan. There they found two hundred and thirty acres of land and forty-six buildings—one of the fifty institutions. Each commissioner had his own particular phase of state business to look after.

The record made in Governor Cox's first administration of reducing the indebtedness five million dollars and startling reduction of taxation is but the beginning of results for which the law was passed. The operation of this new commission will be followed with great interest by

*Continued on page 426*

# Helping to Build Rogers Park

*How the Mears-Slayton Building Material Company has built up a reputation for honesty and fairness during its long years of service to the public*

**A**NNIVERSARIES of long established lumber concerns sometimes have the uncomfortable effect of making the older officials look back over well-known roads leading them to discover that certain landmarks lose something of their importance through the vistas of distance. It is easy enough to enumerate the things accomplished during the given period, but it is difficult, sometimes, to place them in their right perspective in order to gage their intrinsic worth.

There never was a voyage of exploration into lumber regions that ended exactly as planned. The forests of enchantment looming upon the far horizon often dwindled down to useless scrub trees when they were closely examined, while immense districts of pines, often invisible at first, revealed themselves when least expected.

When Charles Mears shipped a barge load of lumber from Michigan to Chicago in 1838 he little dreamt that some day the little hamlet with a few hundred inhabitants would in seventy-five years grow to a city of approximately three million people; nor could he have foreseen that his lumber enterprise would remain in business during all these years and that the name Mears would stand out boldly among Chicago's lumber companies for many decades.

To go over the log of this first voyage would reveal simple aims and calculations, yet it was the beginning of a lake commerce inaugurated by Mr. Mears that has since run into many millions of dollars. The story of the growth of the Mears lumber activities brings to light one of the signal successes in American industrial effort.

Beyond the memory of the oldest Chicagoan was the foundation of the present Mears-Slayton Building Material Company, a very active concern in the Chicago lumber trade despite its long-continued history which dates back to 1836.

The originator of the business was Charles Mears, who with two brothers, Nathan and Edwin, formed a partnership under the name C. Mears & Co., doing a general merchandise business in Paw Paw, Michigan. The firm branched out into the lumber business, and in 1838 shipped the first barge load of lumber to Chicago, which consisted of 20,000 feet of stock.

In 1839 Charles Mears left his brothers and commenced manufacturing lumber. His first mill was at Clear Lake, Michigan, which was equipped with water power drive and a rotary saw, capable of taking an eight-foot log.

Later, in 1839, Mr. Mears moved to Milwaukee where he became prominent in the lumber trade. In 1847 he moved his headquarters to Chicago, which even at that time presented great advantages over any other receiving point. He sent for his brother Nathan and again formed the partnership, C. Mears & Co. The offices and yards were then located on the Chicago river between Kinzie and Indiana streets.

The brothers continued in business until 1859 when the partnership was dissolved, Charles Mears going in the manufacturing end exclusively. He had accumulated considerable money and erected fifteen mills along the Michigan shore at various points. Some of these mill sites have since become important towns and cities.

Charles H. Mears, son of Charles Mears, started in business in his father's yards in 1871, beginning at the bottom. In 1879 he bought an interest when one of the old members of the firm died. In 1881 the firm was reorganized as N. & C. H. Mears with the younger Mears the active head. The senior Mears retired in 1889 and Charles H. Mears re-organized the business under his name.

Three years later, in 1892, a partnership was formed with J. W. Slayton who had been with Mr. Mears since 1889. The company was styled Charles H. Mears & Co. In 1904 the firm was incorporated as the Mears-Slayton Lumber Company. In 1920 the name was changed to the Mears-Slayton Building Material Company. L. W. Crow, who started in the business as a bookkeeper in 1892, is president of the corporation.

The company is doing a substantial business in Chicago and Northern suburbs in lumber, millwork and building accessories. For the past twenty-two years its yards have been located at Clark and Howard streets and it is one of the oldest Rogers Park business concerns.

Such are the changes that have taken place in the organization of this well-known lumber company. Today it is one of the representative building supply concerns in the Middle West. While its trade is largely confined to the great

Chicago north shore communities, still it has customers in every part of the city.

Here is an illustration of long-continued success in a line of business in which there is more than ordinary competition. Honest effort to serve its customers faithfully, and to deal in nothing but high-class building materials have been rewarded in the excellent standing enjoyed by the Mears-Slayton Building Material Company today.

To those of us who spent our boyhood days in a lumber community such stories of achievement in the realms of the pines and saw mills are always interesting. In our early business endeavors the products of the forest and how to get them to the markets were matters of supreme importance, and today we frequently look back with pleasure to the logging camps in the woods, full of life and activity in winter, the spring drives on the river and the summer days with their peculiar amusements in the saw mill towns. Trees and their lumber contents were the chief factors in the industry of the wood-working cities.

When Joyce Kilmer, who was killed in France, wrote this beautiful tribute to the tree, it struck a responsive chord that vibrated in many lumber manufacturing communities:

"I think I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree—  
A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed  
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;  
A tree that looks to God all day  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;  
A tree that may in summer wear  
A nest of robins in her hair;  
Upon whose bosom snow has lain,  
Who intimately lives with rain.  
Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree."



*Quality AND Premiere*  
**CHOCOLATES**

**A Mark of Distinction to guide the appreciative purchaser. For yourself and your friends. They express the true sentiments manifested by thoughtful selection.**





MARION DAVIES

as Princess Mary in "When Knighthood Was in Flower"

## MINERALAVA as an Aid to Beauty

by Hector Fuller

**W**HEN on the "silver screen" in a picturization of Charles Major's wonderful story: "When Knighthood Was in Flower," hundreds of thousands of people are made aware of the rapt beauty of Marion Davies, who so beautifully plays the role of Princess Mary, it is only natural that they should seek eagerly to discover by what means Miss Davies retains the fine qualities of the beauty which appeals.

It is not by home remedies, massage, cosmetics or paints that a woman may hope to retain the complexion of Youth. Science has shown the perfect way through Mineralava.

Miss Marion Davies herself says:

*"I have found Mineralava Beauty Clay a most successful invigorator and stimulant for the skin; the perfect way to a perfect complexion."*

Skin-Malnutrition, the prime cause of the evils that mar the beauty of the human skin, must have been much more rife in those ancient days, "When Knighthood Was in Flower"; days when soap and water were regarded not as daily necessities, but as luxuries. Today, through science and Mineralava the very root of the trouble is reached—and corrected.

Discovered 23 years ago as a product of the laboratories of Nature, Mineralava has been refined by the most noted chemists of Europe and America who have added to it medical ingredients which have given it healing and cleansing properties never equalled.

Sir Erasmus Wilson, M.D., F.R.S., the noted English Skin Specialist, showed that of the two layers of the human skin, the Epidermis and the Dermis,

the outer one was constantly flaking and falling away. This made it clear that only a product of Nature like Mineralava that aided in the process of building up, nourishing and making pure the under skin, would result in the perfect complexion.

Mineralava makes the skin well nourished, and a well nourished skin never ages. Lines, and wrinkles, sagging muscles, oily and dry skin, sallowness, enlarged pores, coarse texture, blackheads—all are due to "Skin-Malnutrition."

Mineralava is the one perfect specific for "Skin-Malnutrition!" It not only corrects the facial blemishes you can see, it works constantly and invisibly on the tender under skin, nourishing it to a ripe and lovely texture so that it is ready, as the old skin flakes away, to take its place—new born and beautiful.

Every face that is subject to premature wrinkles, blackheads, eruptions, or any disorder of the skin is suffering from Skin-Malnutrition.

Mineralava is ideal for home use. It should be on hand regularly. It is the great, speedy and safe renovator of tired faces.

And, remember: Mineralava, the guaranteed product can not be successfully imitated.

Originally Mineralava was sold only in Beauty Parlors at as high as \$15 a treatment. Today it is within the reach of every woman at \$2.00 a bottle, each bottle containing eighteen treatments, or a trifle more than 10 cents a treatment. Full directions for treatment and a soft brush for applying, with every bottle.

There is also an Introductory Trial Tube of Mineralava at 50 cents.



MINERALAVA—makes Blemished Skin Perfect!



MINERALAVA—corrects all forms of Skin-Malnutrition!



MINERALAVA—keeps Young Faces Healthful and Rosy!



MINERALAVA—moulds Old Faces to the Contour of Youth!

Mineralava has 22 years successful use behind it in the best homes of America. Don't experiment with new and untried Beauty Clays. The original is your only protection.

Go to your dependable Druggist or Department Store. Ask for Mineralava Beauty Clay. If the Store does not happen to have it, write direct to the manufacturers and they will see that your dealer is supplied to fill your requirements. Scott's Preparations, Inc., 251 West 19th Street, New York.

### Mineralava

BEAUTY CLAY

PARIS VIVAUDOU NEW YORK  
Distributor



# In the Glitter of the Footlights

Impressions Gathered by RIL in a Survey of  
Current Offerings on the Stage



## The Jewett Players Do "Belinda"

WHEN A. A. Milne was very young and just beginning to be interested in these queer, amorphous entities vulgarly known as "plays"—he rolled up his sleeves one morning and dashed off a light fantasy-comedy-farce-parody called "Belinda." The theme thereof is: A gushy, middle-aged dame who for eighteen years has mysteriously mislaid her husband and carries on mild flirtations with a young poet, a musical-comedy scholar and her long-lost husband in the disguise of—well, in the disguise of the usual leading-man in the typical English drawing-room drama. If my summary sounds quite mad, I can only assure you that the play was more so. It was awkward, silly, tenuous and completely garbled. In it there might have been the genesis of two of his finest mature plays: "Mr. Pim" and "The Romantic Age." Aside from that, it had no excuse for existing.

As the play went on (I cannot honestly say it ever "unfolded" itself), I realized we were being treated to a rare curiosity of dramatic writing; the corpus of English drama does not include another play equally frail in texture and equally burdened with puerile farce—plotting accomplished by the most clumsily creaking technical means.

Everyone learns on something. Will Shakespeare possibly had his "Titus Andronicus" and certainly his "Two Gentlemen of Verona." Far be it from me to think any the less of Mr. Milne for writing one or any number of extremely bad plays while he was learning the trade he has since mastered so well. But for a playwright of his reputation to permit such juvenile twaddle to be produced—even in far-away Boston—to me seems an unpardonable and dangerous manifestation of author's fatuity. Mr. Milne certainly doesn't need royalties and he certainly knows, better than I, just how unspeakably bad "Belinda" is. What's the explanation then?

Mr. Galsworthy, that impeccable artist, is earnestly endeavoring to express his tyro writings. G. B. S., the Magnificent, is continually crying to heaven his desire to burn every copy of the nonage novels in existence. My opinion of Mr. Milne as a writer of whimsy comedy remains unaltered. But two acts of "Belinda" have shaken my faith in his discretionary powers as a man.



## Invitation to the Dance

OUT of this stone, steel and asphalt world into a dreamland of exquisite color and beauty of movement where we are freed from the tyrant forces ever enslaving us! For too few, alas, brief moments I have seen Anna Pavlova dance and sensed deliverance from the law of gravitation, the parallelogram of forces, the law of supply and demand—and every other law that keeps the foot of man planted in the mud.

She dances with a simple grace attained only by a lifetime's unflagging devotion to her arduous craft. Perhaps her magnificent skill defeats its own purpose: The subtleties appear to us so effortless that we accept them as a matter of course; if she danced with more obvious straining her performance might at least prove more spectacular and attract the majority of us ever preferring a "show" to a poem. Pavlova has long since passed the stage of sheer virtuosity. For years now she has carried the mechanical technique of her dancing to as high a level as is humanly possible. But only within the last few years, has she begun to evince the intensity of feeling, the emotional fervor accompanying her physical movements—requisite to interpret the loveliest aspirations of her own insatiable desire for perfection. Through longing and striving, the moth has attained to the star. The Pavlova I have just seen incarnates the highest qualities of the highest and the most difficult form of expression ever developed by man.

From the charming fantasy of a toy-shop doll to the solemn madness of a Dionysian High Priestess overwhelmingly tragic, the range of her artistry extends. Watching her is like listening to fine music in that it drives home to the critic the insufficiency of his medium of expression. How cumbersome and incomplete it is to evoke moods by word; how natural by rhythm of movement or arrangement of sound. What I laboriously fail to do by pages of words, Pavlova does easily by one little pirouette or a cambering of the wrist.

Her supporting company is good in all respects: competent dancers and easy to look on. The standard of pulchritude amongst the young ladies is infinitely higher than in any "musical show" troupe ever assembled. Perhaps it is consciously maintained so by Madame Pavlova to demonstrate to the most discerning of every audience that, compared with her wistful homeliness and transcendental skill, mere symmetry of feature is of little import. At any rate the girls dance with surprising intelligence and with an enjoyment quite delightful to us accustomed to the forced and melancholy hilarity of most "supporting dancers."

Laurent Novikoff, the premier danseur is, a veritable Hercules of a man, admirably suited to the statuesque method of dancing he practises. He manages to combine brute power with an agility and a fluency quite remarkable in a man of his size.

The orchestra under the direction of Theodore Stier does its part valiantly without arrogating to itself too much attention. I am not damning it with faint praise, either. Many spectacles dependent for their effect on orchestral accompaniments are ruined by music that distracts attention by being too bad or too good. Mr. Stier's orchestra is as good as it can be without

becoming a rival attraction to the show on the stage.

You who are weary of tragedies and comedies of little souls; you who are dissatisfied with the stuffed, witless gaiety of musical comedy; you who are accustomed to be tortured by the vitiated air and spirit of the average play—go see Anna Pavlova and know delight for a few hours.



## A New Theatrical Venture

TO a performance of Arthur Richman's "Ambush" by The Stage Guild, where I went to scoff and stayed to weep. The Stage Guild is a group of earnest (and wonder of wonders), business-like young persons headed by Mr. Edward Massey which has taken the bit in its teeth and decided to produce good plays that might otherwise never hit Boston, the home of infinite culture and musical comedies. Unfortunately, The Stage Guild is lodged in the dreary little Peabody Playhouse, charnel-house for the bones of various small theater groups expired on the field of battle. Most of the ventures succumbing there, have deserved their fate; they served up specious and pompous plays mounted by hysterical middle-aged ladies who were professional batik-painters, and acted by very young persons with great souls and raspy voices.

The Stage Guild seems completely removed from the normal "little theatre" organization. Their acting is competent; their scenic-designing is effective; their choice of plays is sane. With any break of luck, the organization should become permanent here. And while, of course, we cannot expect it to merit the patronage afforded to any offering of musical comedy or mystery plays, still The Stage Guild may struggle along until it mounts to glory exactly as did the New York Theater Guild.

I find it difficult to be rational where "Ambush" is concerned. It is simply a tremendous play—the apotheosis of domestic tragedy. It's theme, the relation between the wayward daughter and her parents, is hackneyed and effete. There have been, are, and will be 'steen thousand plays on the subject; one more tiresome than the next. But Mr. Richman has distilled a magnificent wine and poured it into the dilapidated old bottle. Every young dramatist is fascinated by the subject and will not abandon it until he has inflicted the world with another small chronicle of youth's revolt. Which is precisely why I am so enthusiastic about Mr. Richman's play, a veritable tour de force. He has made a symphony from "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

I had seen The New York Theater Guild production with Frank Reicher, Helen Westley, Florence Eldridge, etc., and was unconsciously, of course, comparing the two performances. Making due allowances for lack of mechanical facilities and inexperienced actors, the Boston



performance was surprisingly effective. The play is one of restraint; it was played as such. None of your tearing the passion to tatters in the most approved fashion of the amateur with an opportunity to "emote." Literally I came to scoff and stayed to weep.

The Stage Guild has in preparation Harry Wagstaff Gribble's delightful comedy "March Hares," George Kaiser's "From Morn to Midnight," Vildrac's "Steamship Tenacity," and several other extremely fine plays recently produced in New York. May The Powers That Be, smile kindly on them and grant them the success they deserve!

△ △ △

### George Jean Nathan, the Bad Boy of American Dramatic Criticism

IF matter completely influenced manner, this would be a most scintillatingly brilliant article, because our subject is one George Jean Nathan, wielder of prodigious pen. Mr. Nathan not so many years ago blazed into the journalistic sky at the tail of such tried-and-found-adequate meteorites as the late James Gibbons Huneker and the very much alive Mr. Henry L. Mencken. It soon was apparent the new comet had a perfect grasp on the mechanism of skyey pyrotechnics and needed little exploitation to lay out its individual and particular orbit in the heavens.

Now Mr. Nathan may be callow; he may be irritating in his laborious idol-smashing; he may possess his share of mountebankism. But no sane person can remain impervious to the silver flash of his intense prose or to his sincere disgust for banal and pretentious work—qualities evinced in everything he has written. For the past fifteen years he has played Avenging Spirit, Scourge Militant against the propagators of dishonest dramatic literature and flimsy shows. His specialty is destruction; the ground must be cleared of cant, pretext, pomposity and fatuous incompetence before America can emerge from her theatrical childhood. There is nothing quite so thrilling as to peruse one of Mr. Nathan's jeremiads provoked by an act or two (for his trick of leaving the theatre in magnificent disgust after the second act, has become a classic) of a play that has thoroughly bored him. We can think of no better comparison than that of dropping paper in a hot fire; the flame of Mr. Nathan's saturnine fury blazes up—and the play instantly becomes a little heap of grayish ash.

Quite conscious that Mr. Nathan will probably shoot us at sight for this insult, we tremblingly dub him "A Romantic." The Byronic insistence on his proper unparalleled individuality; the congenital distaste for comfortable and effete thinking or writing; the native scepticism assiduously maintained and trumpeted forth—all these fascinating qualities were not unknown in Europe at the beginning of the past century. We insist that had Mr. Nathan been born near Paris about 1800 he would have grown up to dye his hair blue and lead a lobster on a string.

It is a platitude to assert that most brilliant writers are indifferent talkers. Not so with our George Jean. Words are his slaves perfectly schooled to do his fantastic bidding in any fashion he commands. Perhaps like Oscar Wilde, he agonizedly prepares his conversations and rehearses his epigrams, bon mots, etc. If so, he

delivers his "lines" with consummate skill; in the course of ten minutes desultory conversation Mr. Nathan carelessly flings off half a hundred deliciously pertinent (and impertinent) witticisms about subjects ranging from Aristarchus on Homer to Gilda Grey's knees.

It would render our yarn much more piquant if we could insist that he lives a life of Persian-cat indolence amidst the giddy luxuriance of New York's inmost theatrical circle. But it's as far from the truth as possible. Mr. Nathan is essentially a lonely soul (as are all intensely individualistic persons), completely immersed in his work, caring precious little for anything else. His days divided into periods of reading and writing are precisely those of a cloistered scholar. His evenings are spent walking in and walking out of theatres. His nights—well he implied it was none of our business what he did with his nights. But it's quite evident that when you know as much about plays, books, men, pictures, music, architecture, etc., as Mr. Nathan alleges to know (and not infrequently seems to know) you have to keep to a routine demanding at least several hours concentrated reading a day.

Rumors are afloat that Mr. Nathan with his *fidus Achates*, Mr. Mencken, are contemplating a new literary venture: "The American Mercury," a magazine to occupy a place in the American world of letters approximately like that occupied by the London *Mercury* in the British world of letters. This seems a patent admission that Mr. Nathan has conquered all available worlds in the cosmos of dramatic criticism. And that slightly over the age of forty, he is succumbing to the ennui that hit Alexander younger in his career. Be that as it may, whenever the *cognoscenti* discuss the American stage you begin to hear, "As Nathan said—" "Do you remember Nathan's phrase—?" "I don't quite agree with Nathan, but—" All of which is vastly significant.

Today in this country we have innumerable dramatic critics, most of whom are openly contemptuous of George Jean Nathan—and none of whom are above filching from him when their flat, tasteless "copy" needs seasoning to make it palatable.

△ △ △

### The Cosmic Lunatic

TO live a sustained heroic gesture. To drain the cup of life, flinging it away without regret. To die, sword in hand, battling to the last the chimeras of his nobly courageous and nobly lunatic fancy. What a "sad, bad, glad, mad brother" is this Cyrano de Savignac de Bergerac! The Cyrano who trod the streets of old Paris and wrote about voyages to the moon is an utterly incredible figure. Impossible in the flesh as were Villon, Poe or Berlioz. But by the wizardry of the true poet's imagination Rostand has composed from the patches a credible and a vastly pathetic Cyrano. A man frenzied for all the beautiful here below; rebellious and proud as Lucifer cast out of heaven. A man endowed with a devastating sense of the comic. In many respects Cyrano resembles Andreyeff's terrible "He," the one who gets slapped. Cyrano's humor is of the loftiest, most excruciating variety; the mouth that grins while eyes weep. It is the monumental comic of Cervantes. The grand, high tragi-comedy of the man who has

suffered beyond relief except—by laughing at it all. But we rhapsodize!

Yet what is there to do but rhapsodize where Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac" is concerned? It is great poetic drama: exquisite beauty of emotion and phrasing vibrant with the life-force of genuine poetry. Unlike his far greater poetic progenitor, Hugo, Rostand managed to make only one transcendental heave skyward: when he flew with Cyrano to the moon. But that journey beyond the very peak of Parnassus is of sublime and bewildering flight.

Brian Hooker's new English translation is highly felicitous. It lacks, of course, the sheer exuberance of the original—something utterly uncapturable. But the English is richly poetic. The pedestrian run of it is forced to a gratifyingly high level. While the many bravura passages are executed with a lyricism worthy of an Arthur Symons or an Andrew Lang.

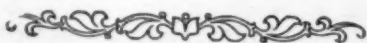
Walter Hampden has at last achieved the artistic fruition towards which he has been striving for the past two decades of unflagging study. His Cyrano is the last reward of consummated scholarship in the actor's craft. The role is an exhausting one, comparable in its demands on the mummer with Hamlet or Lear. It runs the gamut of passion: From the swash-buckling "miles gloriosus" to the most delicate shadings of wistful tenderness. Mr. Hampden's natural sense of restraint, a quality vitiating his emotional hold on many persons, guards Cyrano from the suggestion of rant with which even Coquelin occasionally endowed him. Mr. Hampden's Gascon is fiery as he was written, but ever possessed of a fine dignity even when he is most grotesque.

Carroll McComas makes a sweetly mincing and rather obtuse Roxane—beautiful to behold. She is sufficiently convincing—except when melted down in the glow of Hampden's incomparably more powerful characterization. Roxane, for all her womanly qualities, is bovine intellectually. Consciously created so, no doubt, to heighten the irony of her fascinating hyper-intelligent Cyrano. The final scene of the last act where they are together in the convent garden before he dies, is one of the most moving bits of drama it has ever been our good fortune to witness in the theater.

The production is on a vast scale. Mobs of burgers, comedians, soldiers, courtiers, etc., are lavishly used. On the whole they are well-handled. But the sense of the stage-crowd's glorious unanimity is not always lacking.

Alas, our contemporary New York City is far from ideal for the playing of fine, poetic drama. While Mr. Hampden and his cohorts labored nobly on the stage to recreate for us a mood long-since gone and as difficult to re-conjure up as last year's snows—outside the theater, automobile horns and lumbering trucks continually shattered the tenuous web of romance. Only the ignoble din of the present moment is real. How shall we ever attain to the suspension of disbelief momentarily constituting poetic faith when the automobiles and the street-cars cannot remain silent even long enough to permit Cyrano to die beautifully?

For several hours we have been in the presence of majesty. Hushed and trembling we have beheld a great, very great drama: Cyrano gesturing moon-ward with his unsullied white plume.



# The Keeley Motor and Teapot Dome

By JAMES McLEOD

**W**HAT'S the connection? There isn't any, apart that both were instances of the outstanding traits of mass humanity as revealed in mob thought: Vanity, Cupidity and Credulity, plus a Desire to Talk.

If there has been any criminality, treason, malfeasance or misfeasance or nonfeasance in office, it will be shown in due season. For President Coolidge has the matter in hand, and the American public knows that he is nobody's fool and applies common sense to all the stories told him, as an acid test.

Public lands, public moneys and privileges never have been immune from desire. The history of men and nations, including our own republic, proves that wherever there is molasses, there are flies.

Advanced primarily as a campaign scheme, the Teapot-Dome inquiry, a presumed probing into the leasing of government reserve oil tracts for private exploitation under the terms of a contract by which there is reason to believe the nation's basic rights were safeguarded, has got away from the inquisitors.

It was designed primarily as a gas attack on the Republican party, but the testimony, unfortunately for the group of Democrats and the so-called Independent Republicans has proved in a sense a political boomerang. For it soon was shown that Democratic cabinet members were retained professionally in the oil efforts to accumulate wealth otherwise possibly going to waste.

When President Coolidge's attention was drawn to the matter, he promptly named two lawyers, one from each party, to make inquiry and report. This move took the reform-uplift group by surprise. Then it was discovered that the Democratic lawyer, formerly attorney-general under President Wilson, had been retained by Doheny oil interests.

It then became apparent to the jousts and tilts that, had they stuck to a righteous inquiry, they may yet accomplish some public good. But they engaged in the pastime of gunning for Coolidge, and have found the pursuit fully as gainful and instructive as feeling the teeth of a buzzsaw in motion.

Heaven only knows what next will be played in the political jazz. It appears forgotten that the average reform statesman has garnered far beyond any possible savings from salary. The most of them are hungry. In fact, this hunger is at the bottom of it all.

Men are living who recall that observation by one distinguished statesman: "To the victors belong the spoils." He may have been crude and coarse in expressing the idea, but he spoke a great truth.

Nobody but a gossip believes in his heart all dreadful stories told of politicians, by other politicians. It is part of the game. Both are skilled in mud-slinging, and plain old-fashioned lying.

It is unlikely at all that our country has been sold out, in oil, either by the Democrat or Republican men in politics who had the opportunity to annex fees, salaries, or shares.

Politics is politics, and ever will be.

The main point of it all is this: the public may be assured that it will know the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, when President Coolidge concludes his efforts. And those who

for an instant think they can jar the silent, calm, cool, level-headed and strictly honest and honorable New Englander with pop-guns, should recall the story of the lad who found a dynamite cartridge and hit it with a toy hammer to see if it was real.

The inquest established the fact that the explosive was correct in mixture, form and dynamic energy, and a neat stone marks the abode of the curious youth.

A little later, no doubt, the issue makers will find another cartridge.

For particulars see our obituary column, after the discoveries.

And the President, firm, gracious, and with a keen sense of honor, most certainly will send a nice bouquet of buttercups, daisies, and other inexpensive wild-flowers, wired in the graceful shape of a horse-shoe, suitable festoonery for the deceased.



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The terrain of the telephone army is the whole United States, dotted with 14,000,000 instruments, all within range

of the subscriber's telephone voice. Even in the remote places this army provides equipment and supplies. Its methods of operation are constantly being improved, that each user may talk to his friends with increased efficiency. Millions of money are spent in its permanent works. Yet its costs of operation are studiously held to the minimum, that the subscriber may continue to receive the cheapest as well as the best telephone service in the world.

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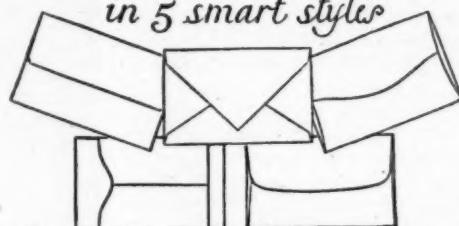
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## The Man With a Dream in His Heart

*Continued from page 412*

has taken our emotions and made of them a tangible, living work of art to lay before us.

The fame of "Behold This Dreamer!" has spread to England. The head of one of England's largest publishing houses is in America now, and when he sails, he will take with him the English book rights to Fulton Oursler's first novel.

With this record behind him, and with his generous natural endowments, there are no limits to what may be accomplished by this writer. He does not believe in synthetic fiction, in machine-made plots. He lives life ardently, looks into his heart, and then writes. The result is epic.

## A Coal Concern with a Conscience

*Continued from page 419*

Real service in the retail coal trade entails a familiarity with the types and peculiarities of the furnaces of consumers, and the coal best suited for each particular furnace. The experts employed by the Best Company render invaluable assistance to patrons in this particular case. A "money back" guarantee with every ton of coal sold is the consumer's additional protection under the company plan.

Fifteen years in business finds many of the original customers of the company still listed as satisfied patrons, and several of the employees who started with Mr. Best at the beginning are still with the organization.

Here is an institution that fully appreciates the importance of loyalty and energetic endeavor on the part of employees. Men in important positions with the company receive annual bonuses and the entire force is liberally remembered at Christmas.

It should be stated that Jacob Best does not claim all the credit for building up his coal company to its present excellent standing and importance in Chicago. He recognizes full well the able assistance given him by Mr. Adolph Hediger, who is now vice-president of the corporation, and who has been with the company for nine years; Mr. R. Lee McCann, who came to the company seven years ago as bookkeeper and is now secretary; Mr. Frank Dernoeden, who entered the employ of Mr. Best thirteen years ago as a laborer and is now general superintendent; Mr. William Schoenegge, who came to the company six years ago as shipping clerk and is now general manager of the new yard recently opened.

Mr. Best especially appreciates the services rendered the company by Mr. George E. Hutchinson, certified public accountant, who has audited the company's books for the past seven years and whose counsel has been highly valuable in building up the business.

The office department exhibits a combination of intelligent employees and a business system seldom seen in corporations of this magnitude.

In addition to his business career, Best is always found back of every civic advancement, and has taken an active part in the upbuilding of the community. He is now president of the Kiwanis Club of Rogers Park. He is particularly interested in the Boy Scouts of America and in the last campaign for funds was chairman of the local drive and succeeded in raising more money than any other division in Chicago.

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## Where's the Money Coming From?

*Continued from page 393*

went out, Stanton, standing by his bedside said, 'Now he belongs to the ages.' Yes, forever, to the eternal ages; for though dead he yet speaketh—to give the worker hope, the statesman courage, and the patriot fortitude, from the great soul of a lover of all mankind."

Long after the arduous day's work on the floor, Judge Green continues at work in his committee room. He seems to find in his work the fascination of a chemist testing his formulas or an author in the exhilaration of plot and character.

An unflagging optimist, Judge Green insists that the enormous resources and adaptability of the American people to meet all emergencies as they may arise is a condition that augurs well for the future of the nation.

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## Bearding "Bob" Davis in His Den

Continued from page 394

he has always remained a real, thorough-going human, in tune with his time and generation. Fortunate indeed is the aspiring author who has a manuscript that rivets the attention of Robert H. Davis, editor, playwright, and oftentimes poet.

"He has knowledge of what is being written today and is the best judge of fiction who has ever sent out a rejection slip," said S. S. McClure, as he took another bun at a luncheon when the name of "Bob" Davis was mentioned.

On his desk is piled high stocks of manuscripts and letters of appeal. The letters are put aside; the manuscript comes first and has right of way, free from all expiatory entanglements, with a modest number for identification of address—"to be returned to." As Shakespeare gossiped, "The play is the thing," and "Bob" Davis agrees that the story is the thing—autobiographies do not go well with manuscripts.

## Dr. Charles Proteus Steinmetz

Continued from page 396

men." He exercised a genuine influence in standing for the proper church ideal, which is that of a religious spirit, and this Doctor Steinmetz had in an eminent degree.

Death from acute dilation of the heart following chronic myocardiitis, of many years standing, halted his labors and closed his mind on October 26, 1923. That his heart action simply reached the limit of his endurance was the explanation given for his death. "This sudden heart failure," his physician said, "might have occurred most any time to a person suffering from his trouble."

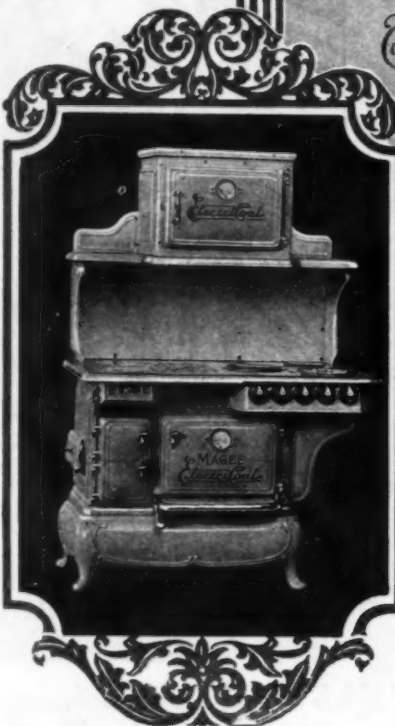
## Massachusetts a Business Organization

Continued from page 420

many other states who have been suffering as Massachusetts has suffered from the loose methods that naturally grow up with the frequent changes of administration and the use of public office and public service as political capital.

The idea is to give the State as far as possible, an absolutely fair, practical and non-political business administration, putting the best business principles in all their work, not overlooking the ethical aspects of their operations for the purpose of saving money, reducing taxation, and giving full value for every dollar of public money expended, but looking more closely after the care of the unfortunates in the merciful and tender way in which a mother would care for unfortunate children. It is fitting indeed that the first business administration of a commonwealth should be launched in Yankeeeland, where tradition will inspire a record in fundamental and creative business development of public affairs that has characterized the achievements of private enterprise.

Figures may come and go, buried in statistical archives, but the purpose now is to watch the flow of figures in public expenditures that will check and utilize the tide of tax money for its definite and specific purpose. Administration is a fine, big word and means much in these times of waste. It touches in a specific amount the pocketbook and welfare of every citizen of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.



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## The Genie of the Syndicate

Continued from page 404

Ring Lardner in the form of the weekly comic strip, "You Know Me, Al."

The list of famous people whom John Wheeler represents sounds like a world's "Who's Who": "Mutt and Jeff," by Bud Fisher; "You Know Me, Al," by Ring Lardner; "S'Matter Pop," by C. M. Payne; "Reg'lar Fellers," by Gene Byrnes; "The Nebbs," by Sol Hess; "Adamson's Adventures," by Oscar Jacobson; "Joe Quincy," by Ken Kling in comics; the sports writings of W. W. (Bill) Roper, Robert Edgren, Gene Sarazen, Jock Hutchison, Francis Ouimet and Jim Barnes; the humor of George Ade, Ring Lardner, Montague Glass, Wallace Irwin, and Finley Peter Dunne; the "More Truth than Poetry" verse by James J. Montague; the editorials of Angelo Patri, the well-known authority on children; the Uncommon Sense editorials by John Blake; the writings of Zona Gale, Mable Herbert Urner and Edgar Lee Marters; articles by Neysa McMein, Sarah Bernhardt, etc., and stories by leading authors including Booth Tarkington, Robert W. Chambers, E. Phillips Oppenheim, J. S. Fletcher, Harold MacGrath, Irvin S. Cobb, Jackson Gregory, Edward Sabin, Rafael Sabatini, Joseph Hergesheimer, A. S. M. Hutchinson, Rupert Hughes, Norman Springer, Arthur Stringer, Arnold Bennett, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Edgar Rice Burroughs and others.

Now John Wheeler is adding something new to his many and varied activities. He is going to be the editor of a magazine. This does not mean that he will sever his connection with the Bell Syndicate, for his interests will be carried on just the same, though his office hours will be shorter.

The new magazine which he is to edit will not make its appearance until spring, but when it does it is safe to say that it will become one of the big publications in its field. Published by the Chicago Tribune organization and edited by John Wheeler, it cannot be otherwise. In the first place its editor, who is nationally known for his sense of values in everything that makes up a publication, and broad experience and personal acquaintance with outstanding authors and artists, will give the editorial staff great advantage.

The magazine will be published weekly, backed up by a business organization second to none, recalling that the Chicago Tribune has the greatest circulation and influence of any newspaper in the Middle West. Then remember that within the past several months this same organization has come into New York City and achieved a success for which there is no precedent, of leading all of the papers with that tremendous circulation of 650,000 daily, for that is the position occupied by "The Daily News, New York's Picture Newspaper."

So it happens that John N. "Syndicate" Wheeler is getting himself talked about more and more every day in every way.

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

## Travel and Resort Section

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North Africa      Greece      Egypt  
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**P**ERHAPS you have not yet quite decided *where* you want to go—in that case the NATIONAL MAGAZINE Travel Editor may be able to help you decide. He has been *everywhere*—in this country, in Europe, in the Orient—wherever the wandering tourist has set his foot. He has seen *everything* that is worth seeing in the world. He knows intimately hundreds of places you probably never even read about—never even dreamed existed: romantic, beautiful, entrancing nooks in the world's far corners where life is just one long lotus-tinted dream.

He can tell you anything you want to know about the *usual* or the *unusual* places that tourists visit: How to go—where to stay—what to see—how much time it will take—how much it will cost—what sort of clothes you should wear—what health precautions you should observe.

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## Zakopane—The Arcady of Poland

By PAUL LETALLEC, Editor of *Poland*

**L**OCATED on the northern slopes of the Tatra range in the Carpathians, Zakopane has become the foremost climatic resort, the greatest touristic center, and one of the most important cultural centers in Poland.

Entirely unknown to the public up to the end of the 19th century, Zakopane, fifty years ago, was still an out-of-the-way village, very difficult of access, and whither came only a few courageous tourists attracted by the picturesqueness of the land.

One of these "pioneers," Dr. Titus Chalubinski of Warsaw, who went there in 1873, was the first to understand what Zakopane could and should mean to Poland. Then, there was founded the Tatra Society, which has done so much to facilitate the access to Zakopane and to make it known as well as the surrounding mountains.

It was in 1886, that Zakopane "officially" became a climatic resort where hotels, boarding-houses, villas, sanatoria, restaurants and shops sprang up, especially after the construction of a connecting railroad. Only the ill-will of the Austrian government had prevented it from becoming a resort of world renown, the prototype of the garden-city of which it has all the natural characteristics.

The town of Zakopane is spread across a broad valley, reaching, to the north, the slopes of the Tatra's central range with its high summit, the Bystra, a 7,000-foot peak. To the east rise the lesser hills of Antolowka, and to the northwest those of Gubalowka, 3,500 feet above sea level.

Some thirty square miles in area, the valley of Zakopane, at an altitude of from 2,000 to 3,000 feet above sea level, leads its many torrents, risen in the Tatras, to the broader bed of the Bialy Dunajec, the White Danube, whose waters flow gently northwards. The streets of Zakopane form a criss-cross net producing the quaintest

and most unexpected effect, and bear the rather picturesque, though somewhat tongue-twisting, names of Jagiellonska, Chalubinskiego, Zamoy-skiego, Witkiewicka, Kosciuszki, Sienkiewicza, Chramcowki. . . .

### AN IDEAL HEALTH RESORT

There are thirteen thousand people in the commune of Zakopane, but, unfortunately, the indigenous mountaineers, who, once upon a time, gave Zakopane a very peculiar character, have



The Polish Tatra forms the westernmost part of the Carpathian Range



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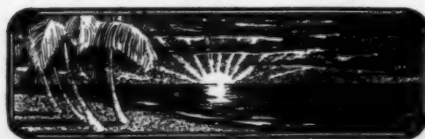
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been somewhat relegated to the background, and one must go to the far-remote villages and settlements to once again enjoy the sight of their bright costumes, the archaic sound of their language, and the "novelty" of their ancient customs.

Strangers from near and far, on the other hand, form every year an ever-growing host. Twenty thousand strong, they came to Zakopane in 1921. And since the resurrection of Poland laid low the

former frontier posts, this lovely Tatra resort has become so active that the existing dwellings soon became inadequate and it was necessary to undertake a wide building program.

The climate, thanks to the fortunate location of this happy village, in a sun-kissed valley so well sheltered from the northern blizzards, is unusually healthful and relatively mild. Nights are cool, even in summer. A short sojourn and one begins to feel the wholesome effect of the

vivifying mountain air. Breathing becomes deeper and easier while the blood circulates faster and more freely. Patients come who have long suffered from nervous and lung ailments. Convalescents and those suffering from anaemia are quickly benefited. The many sanatoria are true havens of bliss to the afflicted.

The first thing one notices on arriving in Zakopane is the very unique style of ornamentation of the houses and villas. This is what is known as the "Zakopane Style," which has its origin in the peasant mountaineer art. Some of the most curious samples of this architecture, such as the Koliba, Oksza and Zofjowka villas are real places of rendezvous for tourists and travelers.

There is also a museum which contains important and precious collections, ethnographical, archaeological, and of natural sciences concerning the Tatra mountains and the Podhale. Nearby is the Dworzec Tatrzański, the office of the Tatra Society, with a fine reading-room and a public library.

#### UNEXCELLED BEAUTY

Around the old parochial church on Koscielska Street there is a cluster of mountaineers' huts, giving an excellent idea of the Zakopane of fifty years ago. Then, quite near at hand and in deep contrast with this old quarter, the "Main Street" of the little Carpathian town boasts its modern hotels, cafes and shops. A little further rises the monument to Dr. Chalubinski, showing him with the "Tatran Homer," the peasant-poet Sabala.

The Polish Tatras are by no means among the world's loftiest mountains, their highest peak reaching barely 7,500 feet, but their beauty is unequalled. Cascades and running waters, tranquil



The Beautiful Valley of "White Waters" in the Tatra

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lakes, and dark forests of spruce and fir vie with one another to offer, here, jagged and wild scenes, there, vistas of exquisite harmony. But the loveliest sight in all the Tatras is Morskie Oko, the Eye of the Sea, a deep and limpid lake set in amidst towering mountains and sombre forests. In the nearby villages one may, sometimes, be fortunate enough to witness the very ancient folk dances of the "gorals" or mountaineers, in their picturesque national costumes. A little above Morskie Oko sleeps Czarny Staw, the Black Pond, the deepest and most mysterious of all Tatra lakes.

On the way to Morskie Oko one crosses the Roztoka torrent on a solid granite bridge, and the sight of its tumultuous waters racing towards the Bialka valley is of impressive beauty. The turbulent stream, flowing in a deep, rocky ravine, is soon broken up by the Mickiewicz falls. Upstream, shortly after leaving the Five Ponds of which it is the outlet, the Roztoka drops majesti-

cally from a ledge more than 250 feet high. The Five Ponds dot a great rock-strewn plateau with their gleaming mirrors. Each one, of course, carries a name, significant of its particular characteristics. There is the Wielki Staw Polski, the Great Polish Pond; the Przedni Staw, the Forward Pond, and between these two the Maly Stawek, the Little Pond. Then up the darker reaches of the valley, there is the Czarny Staw, the Black Pond, and still higher up the Zadni Staw, the Rear Pond, nestling in a ravine just north of the slopes of the Zawrat.

Countless other spots of unexcelled natural beauty and picturesqueness offer an infinite variety of reposeful, soul-inspiring, settings to the weary traveler. And in winter there are wonderful sleigh rides and all manner of sports to be indulged in, which help make Zakopane so ideal and so alluring a place of abode that he who once dwelled there, forever, will long for another breath of Tatra air.



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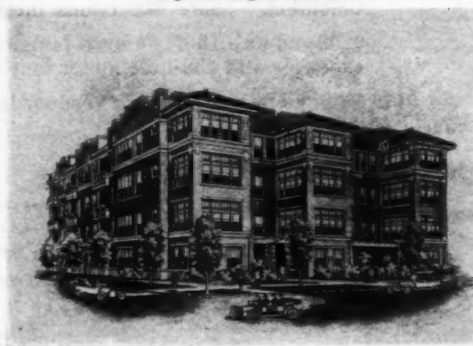
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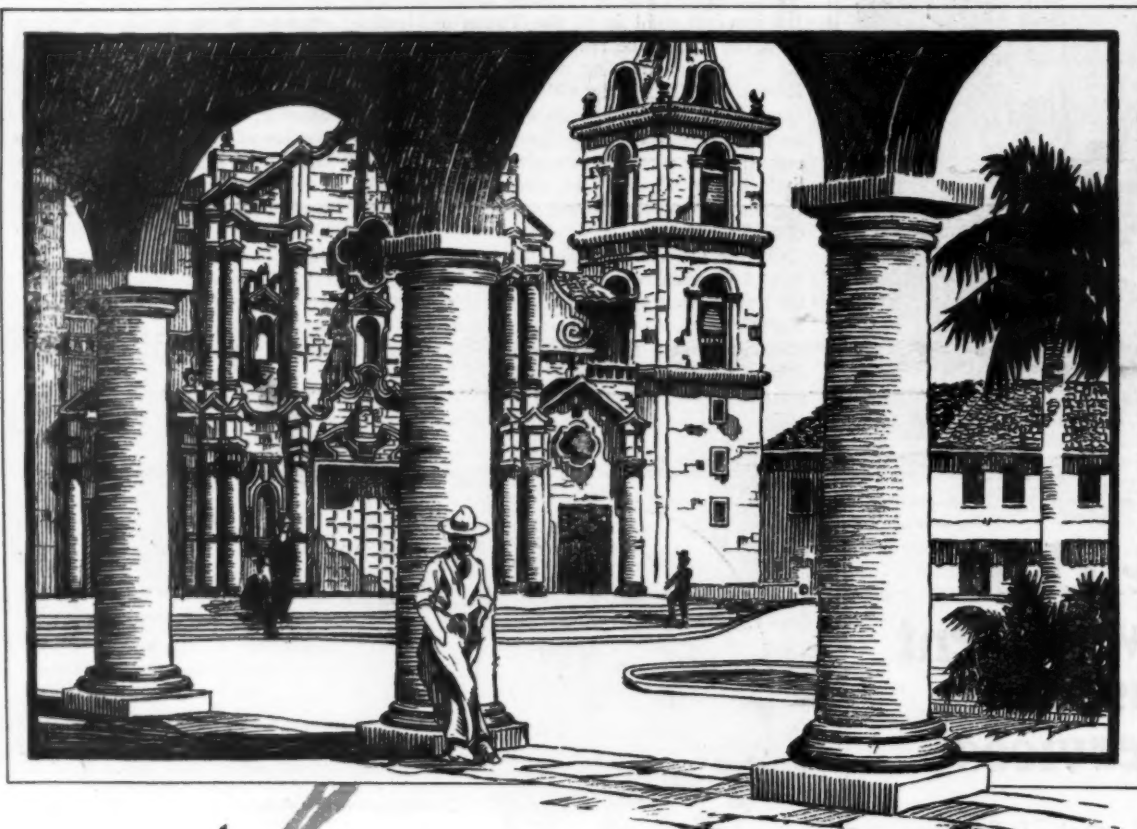
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